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by Virginia Cowles
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The American Mercury

MR. CHURCHILL

BY

VIRGINIA COWLES

IF THE Conservatives win the next election, Winston Churchill, Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, will once again become Prime Minister of England. After the 1945 general election, when Tory fortunes were at their lowest ebb and the socialists were proclaiming joyfully that Labour was "in" for twenty years, friends pressed Winston to relinquish his leadership of the party and to use the House merely as a platform for speeches on world affairs. "I don't see why I should give up my horse," he said stubbornly. "It may not be a very good horse, but at least it's better

than having to be in the infantry."

Today no one is more pleased than Winston that he has clung to the saddle. After a year or two of quiet grazing, his tired Tory beast showed signs of revival, and the master, always buoyant and imaginative, now visualizes a successful charge through the ranks of the government at the approaching election.

This does not mean that Winston is the darling of the Conservative party. Far from it. Many of his colleagues are alarmed by the use he is making of his charger. Sometimes their leader is galloping off to dictate

VIRGINIA COWLES, the author, foreign correspondent and playwright, is a native American who has lived in Europe almost continuously for the past thirteen years. This article is based on a chapter from her book on England, *No Cause for Alarm*, which Harpers will publish this fall.

a new chapter to his book; sometimes to direct activities on his three-hundred-acre farm in Kent; sometimes to hold a conference for the federation of Europe. They never know when he will come cantering into the House of Commons, and when he does, they never know what he will say. Although politics are still, as always, Churchill's major interest, he is not noted for his team-work, and his individuality is just as pronounced in opposition as in office. Just at the moment his party had issued a "charter" which declared that most of the existing controls must be retained as long as goods remain in short supply, Churchill cried out dramatically: "Set the people free," at once dispersing his own ranks in confusion.

Although as a young man Churchill deserted the Conservative party for the Liberals, flaunting his radicalism in the face of his former colleagues, Sir Ian Hamilton, a close friend, said of him: "I have always felt that Winston's coat of many colors was originally dipped in a vat of blue; a good fast natural Tory background, none of your synthetic dyes." This observation seems to have been astute, for today Winston represents the extreme Right of the Tory party. His Conservatism, which in former days would have been only too welcome, is at present proving an embar-

assment to many of his supporters. They believe that the Conservative party has little chance of defeating Labour unless it can convince the electorate that it has abandoned its *laissez-faire* economy. The Conservatives, therefore, are divided into two groups: the progressives led by Eden and Rab Butler, and the die-hards led by Churchill.

The fact that members of his party would like to see him relinquish his leadership to Anthony Eden has not escaped Winston's notice. He recently remarked to a friend: "When I want to tease Anthony, I remind him that Gladstone formed his last administration at the age of 84."

II

Whoever undertakes Churchill's biography will have to be a writer of unusual perception, for there are few men in public life as incalculable and none as contradictory. Aristocrat, autocrat and democrat, he is a blend of folly and wisdom, of sentiment and arrogance, of impulsiveness and detachment. He is capable of playing the politician as well as the statesman, and sometimes veers between these two rôles with bewildering facility. The one constant note in his character is individuality.

As a child, he was regarded by his teachers not only as "the naughtiest small boy in the world," but as a

dunce as well. He entered Harrow at the bottom of his class and left, six years later, still in the Lower School. The only flair he showed was for journalism, but as his contributions to the school paper consisted mainly of attacks on the masters, they were not greatly appreciated. These published lampoons, innocently signed "Junius Junior," led to his being called up before the headmaster, Samuel Weldon, and asked for an explanation. "But they're anonymous, sir," he replied. "Anonymous or not," snapped Weldon, "if any more appear I'm going to beat *you*." Winston describes his school days as "the only barren and unhappy period" of his life.

I first met Winston Churchill in 1938, six months before the Munich agreement. He was not then a member of the government, but even outside it he was still the most colorful and controversial figure in English political life. I had sat in the gallery of the House of Commons and watched the chamber crowd to hear him speak. In the distance he looked extraordinarily old-fashioned in his black coat, his winged collar and bow tie, and even his rolling prose suggested a more leisurely and cultivated century. But what he had to say was not of the past; when he leaned forward to warn his colleagues of the dangers of Nazi Germany he became the incarnation of a pugacious John Bull. You felt

the imagination of the House stir with the brilliance of his words. But unfortunately the magic ended with his eloquence. When you went into the tea room half an hour later, you heard people chattering about what he had said with an alarming light-heartedness.

Churchill spent most of his time at his country house, Chartwell, in Kent, and one Sunday his son took me there for lunch. I remember being surprised by his round pink face. I had not expected such a formidable man to have such a cherubic appearance. Later, I heard that a woman had once told him that her baby looked like him, to which he replied firmly: "All babies look like me." I was also surprised by the fact that in private conversation his phrases were as rounded and polished as when he was speaking in the House. He delighted in the use of such Victorian expressions as "I rejoice," "I am greatly distressed," and "I venture to say," which were emphasized by the impediment in his speech that prevented him from pronouncing distinctly the letter "s."

During lunch, the conversation centered on world affairs, and he expressed his fear that England would refuse to show her hand not only until it was too late to avoid war, but until it was too late to win a war. He talked with the brilliance I had ex-

pected, but I later learned that I had been lucky, for when he is pre-occupied or moody he makes no attempt at conversation. Small talk does not interest him and he is incapable of repartee; it is either a question of silence or a monologue, and nothing in between.

After lunch I was taken upstairs to see his large, high-ceilinged, oak-beamed study. He showed me several stacks of manuscript of the history of the English-speaking people which he was then writing. "I doubt that I'll finish it before the war comes," he said morosely, "and if I do, the part the English-speaking people will play will be so decisive I will have to add several new volumes." He paused. "And if it is not decisive, no more histories will be written for many years."

As Churchill talked, one could not help but be struck by the restless energy and frustration of the man. In spite of his writing, his weekly contributions to the press, his long and masterly speeches in the Commons, you were aware that only a quarter of his resources were being used; you felt that he was like a mighty torrent trying to burst his dams. At that time he had been out of office for nine years. "A genius without judgment" was the phrase you heard most often in connection with him. "The trouble with Win-

ston," people said, "is that you can never really be sure what he will do next."

III

Today it is commonly believed that his exile was due to his anti-Nazism. This is not altogether true. He was excluded from Ramsay MacDonald's national government in 1931, two years before Hitler came to power. And in 1935, when there was talk of his joining Baldwin's Conservative government, he suddenly backed the cause of Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson, arousing such a storm of disapproval that his chances of restoring himself to favor were again eclipsed.

The truth of the matter is that Churchill was not a popular figure. His arrogance and aggressiveness provoked hostility. He wounded sensibilities without even knowing he had done so, for ideas, not people, were the only thing that interested him. Tactless and impetuous, he had not learned the virtue of at least giving the appearance of cooperation; as a result he was branded as "a trouble-maker." When Bonar Law became Prime Minister in 1922, he said: "I consider Churchill a formidable antagonist. Nevertheless, I would rather have him in opposition than on my side."

Much of this prejudice was based on Churchill's past. His political ca-

reer had been anything but orthodox. After having sat as a Conservative MP for six years, he crossed the floor of the House in 1906 and joined the Liberals, an act which caused a sensation. Under various Liberal administrations, he held the ministerial posts of President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War and Air, and Secretary of State for the Colonies. Then in 1922, he crossed the floor of the House again and returned to the Conservatives. It is a tribute to his talents that he was rewarded with the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer: party loyalty is taken seriously in England, and rebels are not often forgiven. Once when Churchill was referring to his past, he said with a twinkle in his eye: "Anyone can rat, but it takes a certain amount of ingenuity to re-rat."

However, he was distrusted by many people and frequently referred to as "an opportunist." Added to this, the working classes had not forgotten that when he was Home Secretary he had called out troops to break industrial strikes; they also blamed much of the unemployment of the same period on the fact that as Chancellor of the Exchequer he had been responsible for England's decision to return to the gold standard.

Thus, in the decade preceding World War II, Churchill found himself with bitter opponents among Conservative, Liberal and Labour leaders alike. What was so disarming about him was the fact that he never got used to unpopularity; it always surprised him. Once he wrote mournfully: "I have never joined an intrigue. Everything I have got I have fought for. And yet I have been more hated than anybody."

During this unhappy period in Churchill's life, his chief solace lay in writing. He has always enjoyed hard work and is capable of turning out an immense amount of material in an astonishingly short time. But his literary achievements, distinguished as they were, always seemed to him secondary to political success. World affairs were the only topic of conversation that never bored him, and during those days of exile a flow of statesmen, journalists and foreign emissaries, were invited to Chartwell to give him first-hand information of the latest happenings.

Churchill's reputation for luxury always seemed to me greatly exaggerated. Comfort was essential to him, but he cared nothing for society. He insisted on a good bed, good food, good wine and brandy, and good cigars. Occasionally, he dined out, but he seldom spent a week end away

from his own home circle, where he could have things ordered to his taste.

Any deviation from comfort, arranged in the name of pleasure, filled him with gloom. For example, Megan Lloyd George tells the story of a time, many years ago, when her father and Winston went on a trip to North Africa. A prominent prince of the desert gave a large dinner in their honor. The feast was served in the open, and the guests sat in a circle on the ground around a huge cauldron of steaming food. There were no forks or knives, and everyone was expected to help himself from the common bowl. Lloyd George enjoyed the unusual, and at once flung himself into the spirit of the occasion. But Winston sat silent and glowering, refusing to make a move of any kind. Some of the guests eyed him nervously, for fear their host would take offense at his sullen mood. Suddenly, he rolled up his sleeves and with a fierce defiance plunged his arm into the bowl growling: "Come on, to hell with civilization!"

IV

Winston was every inch a Prime Minister. Occasionally, I had the honor of being invited to 10 Downing Street for lunch. A low-ceilinged room below the ground floor which, I believe, was once the servants' hall, had been

turned into the dining room, and there were seldom more than seven or eight guests. Winston usually came into the room in a blue siren suit, looking remarkably like a Teddy Bear, but with an air as autocratic as a monarch. I used to watch the guests struggling between surprise at his comic appearance and awe at his dignity. The success of the lunch depended entirely on what sort of mood he was in; sometimes he ate in such sullen silence that your heart sank, as you imagined that the war had taken some grave turn for the worse; other times he was buoyantly talkative, and held the table with a brilliant monologue.

Winston had at last found his destiny, and the whole of 10 Downing Street throbbed with an energy it had never known before. The routine of government was turned topsy-turvy. Churchill stayed in bed half the morning dictating, and stayed up half the night talking. Every afternoon, after lunch, he had a nap. Chiefs of staff, civil servants, ministers, had to adapt themselves to this routine as best they could. Most of them had to be at work at nine or ten in the morning; even so, woe betide them if they were not men enough to come when he sent for them after dinner, to stay up until the early hours of the morning. The only man who persistently stuck to his guns and always bade Churchill

good night at 11 P.M. was Field Marshal Alexander.

Week ends, too, became a novelty. During the blitz, Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country residence, was regarded as too obvious a target for the German bombers, and Churchill was persuaded to abandon it. He accepted the offer of Ronald Tree to spend his week-ends at Dytchley, one of the most beautiful houses in England. Every Friday, Churchill and an entourage of ten or twenty guests, secretaries, civil servants, generals, ministers and distinguished foreign emissaries moved to Oxfordshire. The Trees kept only a few rooms for themselves and turned the rest of the house over to the Prime Minister. In these luxurious surroundings, with the best cook in the land and with drink flowing freely, a good many plans for the war were laid.

The main relaxation of the week end was the showing of a film every Sunday after dinner. Churchill watches a film with schoolboy enthusiasm; he enjoyed *Lady Hamilton* so much that he insisted on seeing it eight times, and a few months later its producer, Sir Alexander Korda, received a knighthood. Churchill, however, was not always left in peace to see his films. Frequently he was interrupted by urgent messages. The news that Hess had landed in England is said to

have arrived during a "Mickey Mouse" movie.

No one denies that Churchill was a great war leader, but the charge must often be leveled against him that he *enjoyed* the war. I do not see how anyone can pretend otherwise. From youth, his imagination had been stirred by the great battles that had decided the history of Europe, by the relentless struggle for power between men of different nations and different creeds. Churchill was a fighter, and the stakes were high; for the first time in his life he had the opportunity to employ all his wit and energy in a cause in which he personally believed.

But anyone who imagines that he carried the burden lightly is mistaken; there were times when the weight was almost crushing. In the autumn of 1940, I motored to Chequers one day for lunch. Mrs. Churchill was away, and only his daughter Mary and daughter-in-law Pamela were there. Just before lunch was announced, one of Churchill's private secretaries came into the room and handed him a message from the Foreign Office. He read it standing before the chimney piece in the drawing room. Then, unexpectedly, he handed it to me. The message was a report from Berlin stating that Pétain had agreed to turn over to the Germans the use of all airdromes and ports in unoccupied France.

Churchill was plunged into a state of gloom. He came into the dining room but ate very little, and sat halfway through the meal with his elbows on the table holding his head in his hands. The secretary who had brought the news reminded him that it was only a report from Berlin and likely to be untrue, but the old man would not be consoled. "If it is true, it's a bitter blow," he said.

At last, lunch mercifully ended, and Churchill went out for a walk. I left at about four o'clock, and before I went, he came back in the drawing room as vigorous and lion-hearted as ever. He had received a message that the report was false.

A few months later I went again to Chequers, this time to be the god-mother of Randolph Churchill's son, Winston, Jr. The christening took place in a small chapel about a mile from the house. Because of a breakdown in my car, I did not arrive until the ceremony had begun. I found a place reserved for me between Mr. Churchill and his son. I had always heard that the Prime Minister's emotions were easily stirred, and that at times he could be as sentimental as a woman; and on this occasion I had proof of it, for he sat through the ceremony with tears streaming down his cheeks. "Poor infant," he murmured, "to be born into such a world."

After the christening, we returned

to Chequers for lunch. Only the family, Lord Rothermere, and the two godfathers, Lord Beaverbrook and Brendan Bracken, were present. Beaverbrook rose and proposed a toast to the baby, then turned to Churchill, whose birthday had taken place the day before, and proposed a toast to him. Beaverbrook was eloquent; he reminded us that we had the honor to be in the presence of a man who would be remembered as long as the civilized world existed. Once again, I looked up to see Churchill weeping. When he was called on to reply, he rose, and in a voice unsteady with emotion, said: "In these days I often think of our Lord." Then he sat down.

I have never forgotten those simple words, and if he enjoyed waging the war, let it always be remembered that he understood the anguish of it as well.

v

It would have taken a man of far greater detachment than Winston to have refused to offer himself to the electorate in 1945, when all the world was acclaiming him. Although leading Conservatives were uncomfortably aware that a new wind was blowing through England, they believed that Churchill's fame could keep them in power. Churchill believed this too. Like most great men, he lived in an atmosphere of adulation and flattery,

and had little contact with the rank-and-file of the population. He was supremely self-confident. Although from time to time, he was pressed to make some positive statement on domestic policy, he was not interested in internal affairs; a Conservative "five year plan" was put forward under the guidance of Lord Woolton, but it contained few constructive proposals. It was perhaps typical of the arrogance which had led Churchill to political disaster so often before that he should think he could win an election on personality alone. "His tragedy," an opponent remarked, "is that although the public will sometimes follow his ideas, they will never follow *him*." While the Socialists went into action with a carefully planned program, Conservatives fought the battle equipped with little more than Churchill's photograph.

The campaign was an astonishing revelation of Churchill's dual character. Overnight, the statesman vanished and in his place appeared an excited and irresponsible politician, hurling invective and abuse at his opponents, and offering nothing constructive of his own. Churchill sounded the note in a radio broadcast telling the country that socialism would mean a "Nazi state" and "a gestapo." I heard this broadcast at Lord Rothermere's house, and remember the silence when he had finished. "If he

continues like that," said Lord Rothermere, "the election is as good as lost."

People were shocked, because Churchill had paid many tributes to Attlee, Morrison, Bevin and other Socialist leaders, when they were serving in his coalition government; to turn on them wildly now in order to cadge votes was considered "un-English." Some people attributed his tactics to Lord Beaverbrook's influence, and others to his own notoriously bad judgment. I could not help recalling the lines of H. G. Wells: "There are times when the evil spirit comes upon him and when I think of him as a very intractable, a very mischievous, dangerous little boy, a knee-worthy little boy. Only by thinking of him in that way can I go on liking him."

Although it was obvious that opinion was hardening against him, even the pessimists believed he would win a majority of fifty seats. The results of the Gallup Poll published in the *News Chronicle* showed a Labour landslide which proved to be accurate within 1 per cent, but Britain was not "poll conscious" and few people paid any attention to the figures. Two days before polling day, I heard Churchill address an enormous gathering at the Walthamstow Stadium on the outskirts of London, and was amazed at the amount of opposition

and heckling he received. He was interrupted so often he could scarcely get through his speech. When he had finished, his daughter Sarah invited me to a private room to have beer and sandwiches with them before he went on to his next engagement. As a war correspondent for the past eight years, I had seen a number of countries invaded and overrun by the enemy, and when Churchill saw me he exclaimed: "What a bad omen! For the first time I have my doubts about this election. *You* only appear when the established régime is crashing to the ground!"

Defeat burned deep into Churchill's soul. He felt that he had been badly used by an ungrateful population, but he concealed his bitterness and took care not to allow vindictiveness to creep into his speeches. And he still retained his sense of humor. When a friend suggested that he make a tour of England so that the thousands of his own countrymen who had never seen him could have a chance to honor him, he growled: "I refuse to

be exhibited like a prize bull whose chief attraction is its past prowess."

He faced the new House of Commons with the pride and courage for which he is famous, and on the opening day of Parliament hundreds of members cheered him singing: "For he's a jolly good fellow." He was extremely courteous to the new Prime Minister, but every now and then he could not resist a private joke. When, after the election Attlee went to Washington and in his absence there were altercations between his ministers, Winston is said to have remarked: "When the mouse is away, the cats will play." And yet his peculiarly disarming quality of forgive-and-forget was expressed when he had bronze plaques made, adorned with the oak and the acorn, and sent them to all those who had served in his wartime government. Socialists whom he had branded as future gestapo leaders were surprised to receive these souvenirs with their names inscribed and bearing the words: "Salute the greatest of all Coalitions. 1940-45."



WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE MINISTRY

BY ALSON J. SMITH

WHILE in theological seminary, I was privileged to hear old Dr. Ben Reitman, the last surviving member of the Haymarket anarchists, make a speech. The venerable warhorse, who had no use for religion or the church, controlled himself pretty well during the prepared address which he was delivering before the seminary forum, but afterward, during a question period, he blew up. We young theologues were preparing a series of profound statements on Chicago's civic morality (this was during Big Bill Thompson's administration), and Ben was asked to whom we should address our memoranda. His mustaches quivering derisively, he thundered: "You young preachers, you fools! Don't you know yet that nobody gives a damn what you say?"

It was good for us to hear that, for the theological student doesn't realize the general disrepute in which his profession is held. Old Ben was right — not many people actually do give a damn what the preacher says. It is

always open season on preachers, and a good deal of the heaviest firing is done by ex-preachers, preachers, and preachers' kids, who are presumed to know from experience what they are talking about. The magazines these days are full of clergymen crying *mea culpa*, and editors are besieged by emancipated PK's (preachers' kids) trying to hawk their memoirs of frustrated childhood in parsonage, manse, or rectory. Typical of such caterwauling is this judgment of Philip Wylie's, himself a PK who, when not flailing the hide off Mom with a verbal cat o'nine tails, works off excess energy by paddling preachers: "The ministry," he cries contemptuously, "is a refuge for bookish weaklings!"

The psychologist might have something interesting to say about the guilt-complex of a generation which takes such delight in castigating its spiritual leaders, but that is somebody else's article — not mine. I have done my share of telling the world what's wrong with the ministry; and when

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somebody says in print that the ministry is full of hypocrites, "bookish weaklings," thwarted thespians, fascist (or Communist) rabble-rousers, arrogant and stupid bishops, aggressive politicians, and administrative bureaucrats with no more of the spirit of God in them than can be found in the back room of any bar, I can only agree. When one alleges that the ministry is poorly paid, poorly housed, etc., and that the preacher is little more than a glorified civil servant to the community, I can only nod assent. And no one can live in a parsonage and be subject to the whims of local church official boards and trustees on the one hand, and go to annual conference and be subject to the whims of bishops and district superintendents on the other, without often being assailed by the wild surmise that in some way he has placed his destiny in the hands of dolts and fools.

Phillips Brooks once said: "O, how sorry I am for the fellows who aren't preachers!" The above is all true and yet I can agree whole-heartedly with the great rector of Boston's Trinity Church — the fellows who aren't preachers are missing something. If they are not plumbing the depths, neither are they scaling the heights. The ministry, with all the hypocrisy, pseudo-morality, poverty, and disrepute that are admittedly con-

nected with it, is today what it has always been — a profession which admits a man to the innermost sanctum of the human personality and brings him deep and moving moments of moral grandeur that are denied to most men. These moments are perhaps few and far between, but when they come they redeem the whole profession from tedium, from poverty, from disrepute. Only to some doctors, perhaps, comes the opportunity that comes to all preachers to see the layers of civilization, custom, and sociality unfold one by one until the human soul in all its terrible and majestic loneliness is revealed. At such times the injunction of the Old Testament seems very real: "Take off thy shoes, for the place where thou art standing is holy ground."

II

These moments of greatness, of course, are the moments when the preacher is able to bring the healing resources of the spiritual world to bear upon a sick or broken human life. Sorrow, sickness, frustration, bereavement, can peel back a life to its central core and reveal there the raw wound that only a spiritual therapy will heal. The moment of greatness comes when the minister becomes the celebrant of the mystery, when through a word, a prayer, a verse of scripture, he mediates between God

and man and becomes the instrumentality by means of which the lesions of the soul are healed. No one who has ever convinced a would-be suicide that life was worth living, or who has talked a man out of murder, or who has assured the parents of three lovely children suddenly snatched from this life in a street accident, that it was not death to die, can ever forget the experience. The minister, in such a circumstance, can never feel sorry for himself because he is in a profession which is poorly paid, peopled with pious frauds, and held in genteel contempt by a majority of the populace.

Of course, in order to experience these high moments, the minister himself must know that the spiritual world is a real world — perhaps the *only* real world — that its resources are there, and that he can tap them. A large part of the disrepute in which the ministry is held today is attributable to what Prof. Sorokin of Harvard has called “our sensate culture.” To the materialist, to those whom Steve Benét once called “the barren husbands of the gold,” the practitioner of the primacy of the spiritual world (priest, minister, or rabbi) must appear to be a footling nincompoop chasing a will-o'-the-wisp.

But our sensate culture is disappearing, along with behavioristic psychology and materialistic science, and

the spiritual world, the world of non-material value, is taking on new stature and respectability. The atomic scientists have discovered that there really is no such thing as matter, and the parapsychologists (studying phenomena that is beyond explanation by ordinary psychology) are turning up, at Duke University and elsewhere, amazing new evidence of what one of them, Dr. J. B. Rhine, has termed “the reach of the mind.” Dr. Rhine, one of the country’s most distinguished psychologists, recently told an audience at Town Hall in New York that “according to minimum requirements, the soul theory has been confirmed.”

Thus, as the spiritual world recovers the intellectual respectability it had in the Middle Ages, ministry, priesthood and rabbinate recover the repute in which they were once held.

That the resources of the spiritual world are real and that there is healing power in them was brought home to me very early in my ministry when, as a young preacher in the wilds of Montana, I was called to the bedside of a dying boy. It was 2 A.M. of a freezing January morning when I arrived at the cabin where Jimmy lay ill of pneumonia, and it was the first time I had ever been called on to solace the dying and comfort the bereaved. I arrived to find the doctor drinking coffee in the kitchen.

"Jim can't last the night," he told me, "and it's not the pneumonia that's killing him. He came through that all right — passed the crisis several days ago. But he won't pick up, and now he's gone way back. I don't understand it. It's just as though he didn't figure life was worth fighting for. That's why we sent for you. He's got one chance in a hundred, and that one chance is for you or somebody to say something to him that will make him start to fight. You've got to try to give him a sort of a transfusion, not of blood, but of faith. And frankly, I don't think you can do it."

To tell the truth, I didn't think so either. I hadn't the faintest idea of what to say. I was not even sure Jimmy could hear me, for he was in a coma. His parents were standing beside the bed, waiting for the miracle. Looking at them, I knew that they had pinned all their hopes on me, and I didn't believe in miracles!

I stood beside the bed and prayed. I prayed quietly, not that the boy might live, but that he might know strength and peace. Then I repeated the Lord's Prayer, and the twenty-third Psalm. I read from the Sermon on the Mount, and from Paul's letters. The room was calm. The boy did not open his eyes, but his troubled breathing ceased and he began to breathe quietly. The doctor came in and took

his pulse. He has gone from coma to sleep, he announced. That was good.

I stayed there with the family all morning, and Jimmy continued sleeping. Late that night, the doctor phoned me. "The transfusion was a success," he said. "Prognosis good. I don't know what you did, but you did it."

I didn't know what I had done, either. But somehow I had been the intermediary by means of which the resources of the spiritual, the non-material, world had been brought to bear on Jimmy's soul-sickness, and the healing process had begun. At such a time no one could look into the faces of those parents and not be glad that he was a minister.

III

It is these moments, when they come, that make the ministry worth while. And these moments give to the minister a deep conviction that he is in the most important business in the world. He is dealing with life at its very heart. More than the lawyer, the businessman, or even the physician, he is working at the very center of mankind's most primary concern. If a lot of his time is dissipated in triviality, he is nevertheless privileged to spend a far greater portion of it than most men in working on a solution of the central mystery which always has been, and always must be,

the most basic concern of the human race. The psalmist was speaking of this primary question when he cried out, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" All human problems are basically theological.

The human race discovered very early in its existence that its problems were fundamentally theological, and the first community functionary that we know anything about was the medicine man. He mediated between the primitive community and that spiritual world which was so real — and so terrifying — to primitive man. He appeased the gods, celebrated the mystery in ritual, interpreted the will of the divine, and healed. He was priest, judge, prophet and physician. And down through the long centuries, in every civilization, the medicine man — the priest-prophet-healer — has been at the very center of the community life. Only in those comparatively brief periods of history in which mankind has worshipped the Golden Calf has the ministry, or priesthood, been eclipsed by other professions. That explains, largely, the disrepute of the ministry in our day — a disrepute that is ending as the Golden Calf is atomized into nothingness by science, and as parapsychology speaks with new authority about the reality of the spiritual world.

Yes, the preacher is in a business

that really matters. A modern writer, in one of his stories, has Socrates returning to Earth and taking a trip through a modern 5 and 10 cent store. When asked what impressed him most about this twentieth-century marvel, the wise old Greek replies: "I was most impressed by the number of things in it that a man can get along without." Our civilization is like that. There are a great many things, and a great many professions, that we can get along without. But the ministry is not one of them.

In what other profession, for instance, can a man know the joy of guiding the growth and development of a child? There is no reward in this life to compare with the feeling that comes when one can look at another human being and say to himself: "He would not be what he is if it had not been for me." The parent, of course, may know this joy, and so may the teacher. But the teacher, under present circumstances, has the child only for a year. The preacher usually has him for several years — years in which he can watch the unformed boy grow to manhood and see the slow maturing of the seeds of character that he planted.

When I was pastor in an Eastern industrial city, a skinny, forlorn-looking boy appeared one evening at a meeting of our Youth Fellowship.

He was an orphan, then living in poverty with an old lady who had adopted him, and he had so many things psychologically wrong with him that a listing of them would read like a clinical report on the composite Dead End kids. Four years later, one of the last things I did in that community was to put this boy on a train for college, where he was going to study for the ministry. Today he is a successful minister in a midwestern state. Looking at him now, and remembering him as I first saw him, I wouldn't change places with the most affluent financier in Wall Street. Anybody can make money, but not everybody can make a life. The minister can.

The institution through which the minister serves comes in for a vast amount of criticism today, much of it justified. The church is a far-from-perfect institution — indeed, Toynbee quotes an eminent Roman Catholic layman as observing that “the Church must be a divine institution, otherwise it could never have survived the incredibly bad management it has had.” Bad management it has had and is having, and yet, with all its faults, the church remains the best serving institution I know anything about. John Foster Dulles said recently that without the support of the churches of America the United Nations could never have been

brought into being. And today, in its pronouncements on peace, race relations, industrial problems, and the like, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America — the ecumenical body that unites most of American Protestantism — is making a great deal more sense than the U. S. Department of State, the labor unions, or even much of our press. The critics of the church work overtime, as always, and not without considerable justification. But here one is reminded of the dignified reply of Theodore of Beza to the representative of the scheming Duke of Guise: “In truth it belongs, sir, to the Church of God — in whose name I speak — to receive blows and not to give them. But you would do well to remember that it is an anvil which has outworn many hammers.”

The ministry today, moreover, is about the last refuge of individualism. Not only are all the relationships of minister to congregation intensely personal, but the minister alone in our day is permitted to emphasize individual responsibility. In an age in which medicine, education and sociology all combine to relieve the individual of responsibility for anti-social behavior by placing the blame on his ancestry, his environment, his diet, or his subconscious, only the minister is left to say, in the words of the prophet to King David, “*Thou*

art the man!" Rudyard Kipling once observed that

The sins that ye do two by two
Ye shall pay for one by one.

None but the minister today reminds emancipated mankind that it is still subject to a moral order, not only corporately but individually.

IV

Finally, a word about this "poverty" business. It is true that, compared to the ministry, nursing and teaching are richly compensated professions. The minister is woefully underpaid by any standard, but when you compare his real income with his stated salary, you are entitled to feel a little less sorry for him. He gets a pitiful salary, but he also gets, rent-free and tax-free, a furnished house. More often than not, his parish also pays certain of his bills — telephone, perhaps light and fuel, and sometimes gasoline for his car. He generally gets a flat 10 per cent discount (if he cares to ask for it) at the stores. He travels in style on the trains at half-fare by courtesy of the railroad Clergy Bureaus, and may soon be able to do the same on the planes. When his children go to college, they are entitled to a sizable reduction in the tuition fee if they go to institutions affiliated with his church — as, for instance, Northwestern, Syracuse, Duke and Southern

California, are affiliated with the Methodist Church. The minister receives gifts of foodstuffs during the year, and at Christmas time he is often the recipient of a sizable purse from the parish (tax free). Then, there are always the "perquisites" — the donations for marrying, burying and baptizing, which may run anywhere from a dozen eggs for a Christening to a \$100 check for a wedding. In some parishes, these "perquisites" often amount to a thousand dollars a year or more. And in addition to all this, most conferences, synods, and presbyteries have what they call "sustentation funds" out of which inadequate salaries are bolstered. Most church groups have insurance and retirement pension plans which protect the minister and his family against the exigencies of age. The fact that so many P-Ks go to college and find their way into *Who's Who* (the largest percentage of any professional group) would seem to indicate that poverty does not oppress the manse as heavily as many imagine.

And the ministry, like other professions, is not static. Today it is evolving in the direction of an emphasis on healing as compared to the old emphases on teaching and preaching. Many theological seminaries today offer their students internships in mental hospitals and other institutions as a part of their theological

training, and many churches are setting up clinics like the one which is affiliated with the Community Church of New York in which minister and psychiatrist combine to heal the lesions of mind and body. With medicine itself evolving in the direction of the ministry (who would deny that the psychiatrist is, in a sense, a priest?) it is not too far-fetched to anticipate the day when the primitive medicine

man will be restored to modern society in the priest-physician; when the celebration of the mystery, and teaching, preaching and healing, will once again be combined in a single profession.

Yes, there's a lot that is right with the ministry. And as time goes on and a new type of minister and a new type of church evolve — as they are doing — more will be right with it.

BRIGHT BATON

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

"Summer has gone,"
the lovers cried.

"Summer's a flower
that had died.

Summer's a small
and withered fruit.

Summer's a lost
and empty flute."

"Autumn's baton,"
the wise man said,
"makes the gold hour —
gold and red —
brighter than all
that summer grew.
Autumn is frost
and summer, too."

WOMEN ARE INTELLECTUALLY INFERIOR

BY WAVERLEY ROOT

AMERICAN women see red when it is suggested to them that genius is a phenomenon which does not appear in their sex. They take this routine observation, which forces itself inevitably upon anyone who considers the subject, as a personal insult. Yet they believe it themselves. You can test that statement at any time by expressing the opinion that genius is confined to a single sex without specifying the sex. The ladies who will immediately spring upon you will assume that you mean genius is confined to the male. They will be right, of course; but their automatic assumption of that fact will prove that, however bitterly they may dispute your thesis, in their heart of hearts they are convinced you are right. If they were not, it might occur to them that the sex which has a monopoly of genius is their own. But that is a theory too patently absurd to be maintained, even by American women.

The failure of genius to appear among women has been remarked ever since men began to entertain the

idea that women might, perhaps, be possessed of the intellectual qualities necessary for its development. One of the earliest efforts to consider genius in the light of physiological and psychological principles was the *Examen de Ingenios para las Cienzas*, published in 1575 by Juan Huarte de San Juan, in which the opinion was expressed that all the higher faculties had been denied to women. His successors up to and including Havelock Ellis, have for the most part agreed that genius, at least, has been beyond their scope. Women who consider this estimate a slur upon their sex are wont to point out sniffishly that the books which refuse to concede genius to women have been written by those self-impressed creatures, men. Unfortunately, no woman of genius has yet composed a refutation of them.

On the contrary, one of the most conclusive statements on the relative lack of brilliance among women is the work of one of them, *A Statistical Study of Eminent Women*, by Mrs.

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Cora Sutton Castle. Mrs. Castle went through six encyclopedias, two American, two German, one British and one French, listing all the women, except Biblical characters, whose names appeared in three or more of them. There were 868 in all. "It is a sad commentary on the sex," she commented, "that from the dawn of history to the present day less than 1000 women have accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while." It is even sadder since about half the names were included because their owners had been eminent as sovereigns, politicians, and the mothers or mistresses of famous men, categories in which fame might be acquired by means other than the exercise of genius.

Even the small number of outstanding women exhibit gifts which cannot compare with those of the giants of masculine genius. There are absolutely no feminine names, none at all, which can stand beside those of the really great — no Beethovens, no Michaelangelos, no Shakespeares, no Tolstoys.

In music, "at once the most emotional and the most severely abstract of the arts," as Havelock Ellis pointed out, there are virtually no feminine names at all. The limit of feminine accomplishment (contemporaries will not be cited here or elsewhere) seems to be represented by Cécile Chami-

nade. In painting, their achievement goes no higher than the work of Rosa Bonheur or Mary Cassatt. It is not belittling the quality of their work to point out that it is far below the best masculine standards.

Literature is an art which is in many respects unique. Its medium, language, is one which of necessity we all use in our everyday lives. A certain amount of technique in its use is thus available to everyone, as is not the case for the worker in sound, color or form. Moreover, we tend to place writing of all sorts in the same category, whereas words are used for a great variety of purposes — sometimes to compose a work of art, sometimes simply to entertain, sometimes to instruct, and often for all of these purposes together. In a sense, therefore, writing is the "easiest" of the arts, at least on its lower levels. For that reason, we might expect a greater success in it from lesser talents; and it is, indeed, precisely in this art that women come closest to genius.

They come closest; but they do not attain it. There are not, even in literature, any feminine names which can stand beside those of the real titans among the men. Who are the greatest women novelists? Jane Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot, George Sand? This is virtually the pinnacle of feminine literary achievement, yet it is easy to recall offhand

dozens of male authors who surpass them to an extent that defies argument. Many women write with charm, style, wit, sympathy, sensitivity, grace — but they do not write with greatness.

II

When we turn to poetry, we approach a form of literature more often scaled to the feminine mind. This was not true in the days when poetry used to perform the functions later taken over by the novel; there never has been a woman epic poet. But insofar as poetry has become reduced to the artistic arrangement of words and to the expression of finely nuanced emotion, it has come within the scope of women. Even so, the names of women poets comparable even with the third-rate men are few. Antiquity gives us a single name, Sappho. There is a trail blazer in Amy Lowell. Many critics might say there was genius in Emily Dickinson. But even Emily Dickinson worked in miniatures, incisively chiseled, but still, by their very limitation of size, not capable of being measured against the majestic standards of the indisputable geniuses.

In science, the achievements of women have been even more meager. There is, indeed, only one name of an eminence which entitles it to be ranked with the leading men of

science, that of Mme. Curie. We might willingly leave to women this single exception, but there are at least two reasons for wondering whether it is an exception at all. Mme. Curie worked in such close cooperation with her husband that it is difficult to evaluate their respective contributions separately; and there are some authorities who feel that even in her own field there have been masculine workers who made greater contributions, such as Lord Rutherford, whose research established the existence and nature of radioactive transformations. Because it was astonishing and unprecedented that such an achievement should have been attained by a woman, the romantic public tended to magnify that achievement to a point which overshadowed the parallel work of masculine scientists, whose successes were less surprising.

What constitutes genius in government is rather difficult to say; nor is it easy to determine whether rulers with a reputation of greatness won it for their own skill in governing, or for the capacities of their ministers, or simply for their good luck in coming along at a time when their countries were headed for greatness. Among the women whom the accident of birth placed upon thrones, there are very few likely to be accorded greatness — Elizabeth and perhaps Vic-

toria of England, Catherine of Russia, Christina of Sweden. In Elizabeth's case, we may suspect that luck played a considerable part. Victoria's personal qualities possibly had less effect on the government of England than those of her consort, Albert; and if she gave her name to an era, it was due in large part to the length of her reign and the excellence of her Prime Ministers. Catherine did deserve the epithet "the Great," but Christina ruled in so eccentric a fashion that she was forced to abdicate.

When we examine this list, small as it is, of the women who might by lenient standards be described as geniuses, we can hardly fail to be struck by the unusual degree of masculinity many of them display. The popular conception of sexuality is, of course, erroneous — that is, the theory that most persons are "normal," meaning completely heterosexual, while a few individuals are homosexual through and through. Actually we are all mixtures of the two sexes, in varying blends. Therefore, though indisputable genius seems restricted to those physically and definitely masculine, we might reasonably expect the disputable cases in women to appear, if genius is indeed a male monopoly, among those women whose psychological makeup included a strong male factor. That is, indeed, the case. Elizabeth was the "Virgin

Queen." Christina, who was educated in masculine fashion, never married in spite of constant pressure upon her to do so, and when she abdicated she left Sweden in male attire and under a male title. Catherine's physical love life was, as everyone knows, expended lavishly upon the opposite sex, but her mental attitude towards her favorites and her treatment of them was of a nature usually displayed by men towards women, rather than the other way around.

Emily Dickinson never married and the one love of her life seems to have been exclusively cerebral. Amy Lowell smoked large black cigars. George Sand and George Eliot took masculine pseudonyms. Rosa Bonheur and George Sand liked to wear male attire. Jane Austin remained unmarried, and, of the three Brontë sisters, only Charlotte married, at the age of 38, and died a year later. And Sappho of Lesbos gave her name to female homosexuality. These facts are not cited with the intention of fixing upon these women the stigma, in many cases unjustified, of that complete homosexuality which present-day public opinion regards unfavorably, but simply because they suggest that in those rare individual cases where women approach genius they also approach masculinity.

This observation forces itself on us again when we look at the minor or

half-arts, those of interpretation rather than of pure creation. Here women have made a much more notable record, as actresses, dancers (more rarely as choreographers) and musicians. Even in this category, the attainment decreases as the more rarefied heights are reached. In music, for instance, there have been a few first-rate pianists and singers, but there the ladies stop. There has never been a really topnotch woman violinist.

III

It is interesting to note that the intermediate arts and the intermediate sexual mixtures seem to have an affinity for each other, with the exception of that largely masculine preserve, musical execution. It seems that women mount the artistic scale as the element in their makeup of the opposite sex increases, and men descend it. It might be suggested that the relation of, for instance, the actress to the playwright is very much like the biological and psychological relation of woman to man: the actress gives concrete life to the abstract creation of the playwright; the woman is the instrument who serves the purpose of the man.

The difference between the true arts and the half-arts, the arts of creation and the arts of interpretation, consists in the finality of the former. Genius exemplified in art

writes itself down. It demands media capable of notation, of preservation in invariable form. Its ideal is a stern perfection, discarding defects in the personality of its creator and often achieving impersonal heights, worthy of being cast in immutable form. But the interpretative half-arts are personal and variable. They demand not so much genius as craftsmanship.

It seems clear that genius is a monopoly of the male. But why? The favorite argument of apologists for women used to be that genius had not manifested itself in that sex because the inferior position in which woman had been kept by the tyranny of man had deprived her of opportunities for demonstrating the qualities latent within her. This theory is in conflict with the fact that many male geniuses succeeded in displaying their gifts before the world in spite of obstacles as forbidding as any facing women. Nor does it explain the failure of women to do notable work in any of the arts in which, from time to time, they were carefully educated, in order that proficiency in painting or in music might add to their natural charms. It also ignores the ability of outstanding women to exercise considerable influence on their times, usually through men, in domains where genius is not required for success, an ability which some of them, surely, could have used to

secure opportunities for the expression of their genius, if they had had any. This argument has been pretty well disposed of by Havelock Ellis and his successors, but even without this it has rapidly lost force since opportunities have been open to women long enough to have allowed genius to show itself (a single generation should suffice for the development of what is an individual phenomenon).

Convinced of the inadequacy of this explanation for the lack of genius in women, biologists and psychologists have cast about for some physiological explanation. Elie Metchnikoff, the Russian biologist, thought it lay in a secondary sexual character, like the beard and the bass voice. "Poetic genius is intimately associated with sexual power, and castration inhibits it," he wrote. "A man of genius loses much of his quality with the sexual function. Among the eunuchs on record, Abelard is the only poet; but Abelard was forty years old when he ceased to be a man, and at the same time he ceased to be a poet."

The trouble with this theory is that secondary sexual characteristics are shared by virtually all the members of the sex which possesses them, and it requires no argument to prove that all men are not geniuses. Havelock Ellis suggested instead the theory that genius appears in men rather

than in women, because men, like the males of other animals, show greater individual variability than women. This is true enough. Other abnormalities appear in women less frequently than in men, but they do appear. Genius, however, virtually does not appear at all.

With the investigation of the mechanism of heredity, whose results were not available to Ellis at the time he wrote, a new theory began to appear — that genius is a sex-linked characteristic, one of those factors, that is, which do not appear in all males, and, indeed, not even in many males, but which appear much more regularly in the male sex than the female sex because they are inherited through bodies appearing in the X-chromosome.

IV

For those readers not familiar with the mechanism of heredity, it must be explained that the genes which carry inheritable characteristics are grouped into chromosomes, microscopic bodies in the germ cells, which vary in number in different species. Man, generically, possesses 48 chromosomes; but man individually has only 47. Women possess the full complement of 48, but men are short one (or possess a rudimentary Y-chromosome in its place). The 48 chromosomes are paired — that is, one of each kind

comes from the mother and one from the father. But in the male, the X-chromosome is unpaired.

Now the relationship of many inheritable characteristics to one another is that of recessive to dominant — that is, if an individual receives a gene from one parent which would tend to give him blue eyes and one from another which would tend to give him brown eyes, his eyes will be brown. Brown eyes are dominant, blue eyes recessive, in relation to each other. Thus such recessive characteristics as are carried by genes on the X-chromosome will appear in a male because he possesses no complementary chromosome to overcome their effect; but they will not appear in a female except in the rather rare case that both parents have contributed the same recessive gene to her heredity. It is nature's sage custom to make advantageous traits dominant over disadvantageous ones, which are thus normally eliminated in the individual, if not from the germ cell, in all matings except those in which both parents are so unfortunate as to carry a disadvantageous gene and to contribute precisely that gene to the new individual. The female, with two X-chromosomes, has a good chance of having the unfavorable recessive genes of that chromosome canceled by favorable dominant genes of the other; but the

male who picks up a bad gene is out of luck. There are, in fact, a choice selection of such undesirable characteristics on the X-chromosome, of which the best known are color blindness and haemophilia (inability of the blood to clot to stop bleeding), which appear chiefly in men and rarely in women.

If genius results from genes on the X-chromosome, what exactly is inherited? It can hardly be genius full-blown. All that the genes could carry would be some physiological factor which might predispose the organism to manifest genius.

I am going to be bold enough to suggest a possible answer to this question. To present it here is somewhat premature, for it is a by-product of a theory which I have been developing for many years but which has not yet been published; nor is there space here for any exposition of the main theory. Briefly, I had been attempting to find out exactly what happens within the central nervous system during the aesthetic processes of creation and appreciation, and, in elaborating my hypothesis, I found myself obliged, as a corollary of it, to accept a conclusion disconcerting to admirers of genius but perhaps consolatory to those excluded from it.

It was that genius results from a degenerative pattern of the nervous system which, if accentuated, pro-

duces, not genius, but insanity. This pattern, a sheer physiological or, for that matter, physical matter, might very well be inherited; and as it amounts to incipient insanity, nature in her automatic wisdom might well have made it a recessive characteristic and filed it with other undesirable qualities in that trash-basket for defects, the X-chromosome. Man may have acquired a perverted taste for the manifestations of genius, as he has acquired a perverted taste for the manifestations of putrescence in game, but nature abhors it.

There are certain intriguing confirmations of this theory, first in the remarkable number of cases in which genius has shaded off into insanity or has even existed concurrently with it. In the tertiary stage of syphilis, a classic symptom is a period of super-

ficial intellectual brilliance which leads to insanity; what happens is that, under the attacks of the disease, the nervous system degenerates and in the process assumes temporarily the pattern which the genius inherits and the syphilitic acquires. It is also a fact that idiocy is more common among men than among women, who may well consider themselves happy to rank lower in genius for the sake of ranking higher in sanity.

This is the consolation which I offer to any ladies who have considered it a mark of inferiority in their sex that it has failed to produce geniuses. You are indeed, *mesdames*, barred from genius. But what of it? Genius, from nature's point of view, is a dangerous abnormality; and she has dealt handsomely by the women in exempting them from it.

WINTER LOVE

BY VERNON LELAND INGRAHAM

Our love was a wintry thing.
It could not stand the touch of spring,
But faded as the winter snow
When first the south-born breezes blow.

Our love was a wintry thing.
Time could cut the magic cord
And let seductive spring expound
Her restless dictum to the ground.
Our love was a wintry thing.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH PSYCHOANALYSIS

BY LUCY FREEMAN

THE analyst's low, pleasant voice interrupted my thoughts. "What are you thinking about?"

He sat on my right, so as I lay on the couch, I had to turn to look at him. He seemed like a mild-mannered man with twinkling blue eyes, rather slight of build, neatly dressed in a dark suit and brightly-colored tie. At his feet snuggled a Scotch terrier.

Perhaps he would like an explanation of why I was there, I thought. "I've got such awful sinus I can't breathe," I told him. "I also can't sleep and I get bad attacks of indigestion. I've eaten enough vitamin pills to keep the Army in good health for a year and consumed enough sleeping pills to kill the Navy if taken in one dose. I've been to dozens of doctors, each one with a different theory as to what's wrong."

I added flippantly, "So you see, I've come to you in despair, all else having failed."

"That's why most people come," he said, smiling.

I don't think I would have had the

courage to tackle analysis if it had not been for the last doctor I visited — my fifty-eighth or fifty-ninth — a young nose-and-throat specialist. After experimenting with all kinds of nasal torture — thrusting up my nose a six-inch needle laden with drugs, pumping out my nose with a hose that looked as though it belonged on a fire truck — he sighed in despair and said, "Nothing medically possible seems to help your sinus." Then, in sudden inspiration, he suggested, "Why don't you become a guinea pig?"

"Anything, if it means a new nose," I groaned. At that point, mine was throbbing as though a devil were beating it with drumsticks. "Go to a psychoanalyst," he advised.

Seeing surprise start up on my face, he explained, "Some of us doctors have a hunch that nose conditions like yours are caused by the circulatory system which, in turn, is influenced by emotional reactions."

"The money," I wailed. "It's so expensive!"

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"Reporters earn fairly good salaries these days," he retorted. "Scrub floors on the side if you have to supplement your salary."

"You doctors just want to turn us all into guinea pigs," I snapped.

Then the pain started to slash its familiar path of agony up the nose and across the forehead. I bolted from his office, muttering my thanks. Days of misery followed, during which I could hardly hold my head above the typewriter. I considered giving up my job and fleeing to the mesas of New Mexico. No, I finally decided; psychoanalysis would be less expensive in the long run.

I didn't tell all this to the analyst at first. True to what I thought were my reportorial instincts (but what I later found out was also a defense against anyone prying into my unhappiness), I asked the questions. For weeks I pumped him unmercifully about his private life—what he thought of everyone from Plato to Picasso, what political party he belonged to, and what school of psychoanalysis he upheld. To my delight, he turned out to be a Dodger fan and could play the piano like a professional. In fact, he had earned his way through college in a jazz band.

Over and over, I questioned him until finally, I guess, he was driven to ask me to talk about myself. "It doesn't seem right, somehow," I

objected. "We reporters always look with scorn on the writer who puts everything in the first person. The 'I' doesn't belong."

"Everyone should be interested in himself first," he said. "The people who refuse to talk about themselves, or to think about themselves realistically, never understand themselves or anyone else. Perhaps," he added reflectively, and it seemed a strange thing to say at the time, "you were never allowed to talk about yourself, or for yourself, and you now feel nobody cares what you say."

At those words, a feeling of terror shot through me. I was suddenly swept back into childhood, to the time one night when my face was slapped in front of my brother and two sisters because I had dared to talk back. I had raced to my room, wishing I could die. . . . Tears started to roll down my cheeks. In embarrassment I wiped them away and apologized to the analyst. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to cry," I whispered.

"Maybe it's time you cried," he said. "Maybe you've felt like crying all these years and couldn't."

II

So I started to talk to him. I told him my troubles, how exhausted I always was, and yet how I could not sleep. And how impossible it was for me to lose weight because I could not give

up ice cream and candy. It's wonderful, I thought, as I droned on and on. For the first time in my life, somebody lets me talk freely, even if I *am* paying him for it. He listened as though he were my best friend.

I dared to speak of things I had done that I thought were shameful, such as charging candy in a small store when I was ten years old and then denying I had done it. He showed no shock and did not blame or censure me. He merely commented that many children crave sweets when they lack affection, that candy is often a substitute for love. He did not even scold me when I lied to him: often I would say one thing as though it were the gospel truth, and then deny it emphatically twenty minutes later. (The one consistent thing about unhappy people is their inconsistency.) "I really didn't mean to lie to you," I muttered one time. First I had said that I liked the excitement of meeting the daily newspaper deadlines, and then, a few minutes later, I gritted my teeth and said I really hated the deadlines.

"That's all right," he reassured me. "You'll find yourself doing that often, if it's the truth you're after."

The truth? What was the truth? Whatever it was, it was buried deep beneath the lies, the defenses, the rationalizations that had been so carefully built up over the years. In

searching for the truth, I stormed, I cursed, I displayed the overwhelming self-pity in whose deceptive cloak of comfort I had snuggled for so many years. I struck hilarity one moment and plummeted deep into despair the next. Through all the turmoil, the analyst's calm, quiet voice kept on reassuring me, helping me to achieve the courage to take a look at what I was really like inside.

I was being helped to open the door on my inner self and take a look, even if the sight was painful, in order that I might become free. I had to expose the dank, musty guilts, the shames and sorrows, the hurts and jealousies, to the warmth of the sun. In the light of reason the fears would crumble to dust, the prejudices disintegrate and much of the agony abate. Only then would I be able to answer in part Dostoyevsky's famous question: "Do you know who you are?"

Life to me had always been a tormenting mystery, one gigantic question mark. "What's the answer to it all?" I kept asking myself. Finally I asked the analyst.

"The answer to life is to live it," he replied.

Live it freely, doing what you want out of choice, not compulsion. Live it with ease and enjoyment, not existing from crisis to crisis as I had done, but from month to month and year to year in full, rounded satisfaction. All

this I got from the analyst. Such a calm was entirely foreign to me, but I started in small ways to know its nature.

For instance, I had always moved very fast, racing around the city, never taking time to relax. My break-neck pace was an office joke. Other reporters, accustomed to speed, would watch my flights in amazement, calling out, "Where's the fire today?"

One day, however, just after I left the analyst's office, I found myself walking along the streets slowly. "Why, this is what it is like to walk," I thought. "I don't have to run." I don't know why I slowed up at that moment. It was just a feeling of well-being; I was unable to pin it on any specific instance. It marked a transformation in my whole body as I slowly exchanged the atmosphere of anxiety in which I had grown up for the one of safety and security I found in the analyst's office.

There were other moments when a growing awareness of something only dimly felt would strike me, and I would think, "This is it!" These were the moments when I felt "good," when I seemed to come to life, when I could draw on a cigarette and feel in possession of myself. They were the moments when terror took a holiday.

But first the terror had to come out. I remember particularly one session during which we discussed life and

death. We were talking of man's strongest instincts, the will to survive and to procreate. I had just got off a lovely line about self-preservation and procreation being "the two main threads of life's daily pattern, and all else is fringe."

"Has it ever occurred to you that your speed in rushing about may be due to an unconscious fear that someone wants to kill you?" the analyst asked.

I shook my head forcefully. "No," I said. "I don't think it's that. It's just that I always have a lot to do."

"But you're always dreaming that someone is chasing you and trying to kill you," he reminded me.

"But that's a dream," I objected.

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't believe your dreams are a part of you?" he asked.

That I couldn't deny, being such an ardent admirer of Freud. Besides I certainly did dream all the time that someone was after me to scalp or shoot me.

"It's funny," I mused, "but deep inside there's a hidden kind of fear. It probably doesn't mean much, though."

"And yet you operate as though everything you did were a matter of life or death, as though you would live or die by every single action," he said.

There was wonder in his voice, and kindness, and an invitation to trust.

Long-forgotten feelings of danger came to my mind's surface and, at the same time, the tears started up.

"I can't explain this," I said as though in a daze. "I don't know why I'm crying but I *am* afraid. I'm afraid especially at night. I can't stand the dark. I have to put away all sharp things like scissors and hatpins before I can go to bed."

He asked why I thought I did that.

"I think it's because I'm afraid I will get up during the night while I'm asleep and stab myself," I said slowly.

"Either that, or murder someone else?" he asked.

Murder? Was murder in my heart? Well, wasn't it, at times?

I knew, too, whom I wanted to murder. My parents. It was really they at whom I was raging. At that moment I understood what I had felt as a child and *what I still felt*, if I would accept it. I was furious because I felt unloved and unwanted. I saw myself growing up through the fearful years, competing in athletics and in school, wanting to please my father by being as good as, or better than, the boys, wanting my mother's approval but always failing to get it.

Like everyone else I knew, I assumed I had had a happy, carefree childhood. I did not believe that the pain and misery I now endured could have any relation to the little girl that once was me and her childhood

feelings. My parents fed me, clothed me, praised me for my good marks in school, and sent me to college. What more could a little girl ask?

She could ask for trust and faith and firm guidance, the analyst said. A little girl could ask that her parents not expect her to save them and bring them happiness. A little girl could ask for real love. "To a child, having no love is death," the analyst said.

Because I felt unloved, I had gone to enormous lengths to find people to tell me that I was good. Their telling helped for a time, and then the only thing to do was find more people, and more and more. A thousand, a million, are never enough for those who are starved emotionally. It is like drink or dope. There is never enough, because inside we do not like ourselves, because our parents, without meaning to, made us feel that we weren't much good. They could not give us the kind of love we wanted, because, when we examined their lives, they had never known it from their parents. They, too, had known only uncertainty.

And so, when I was little, I said to myself, "My father and mother don't love me because I'm no good." I couldn't say, "They don't love me because they don't know how." That would be total destruction. A parent is God to a child, for there is no one else in the child's life. Therefore, the

child chooses the lesser of two evils, disliking himself and believing his parents to be right.

What would make me like myself? Acceptance of myself as I was, emotionally as well as intellectually, acceptance of the knowledge that I was not loved in childhood and that it was not my fault. The realization that my parents did the best they could and that, much as I demanded it, they could not change.

III

Growing up, in a sense, is disillusionment about one's parents. This is dramatically illustrated in the play *Death of a Salesman*, when disillusionment comes abruptly to the young boy, Biff. He finds his father, whom he thought of as God, in a hotel room with a cheap, drunken woman. The boy bursts into sobs and flees the room, his heart breaking as the father pounds the floor in a fury, screaming, "I order you to come back!"

Thus it is with many of us to a lesser degree. Our parents have ordered us all our lives, for our own good, they hold. We have lived by commands, though, rather than in a cooperative effort, and commands are for slaves, not free men. To be happy we must learn to see our parents as they are, as the children of other parents who in turn did unto them. Analysis helps to reach this disillusion-

ment, but in a slow, gradual way that does not destroy, and in such a way that after the disillusionment there comes the knowledge that one's parents are likable human beings, not infallible gods.

"Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee . . ." was one of the Ten Commandments that the psychoanalyst quoted, and he said it held a promise to us all. This was brought to awareness in the one session when the murder in my heart did out. Actually, such moments do not reveal anything really new. They merely enable you to face many things which have been so dangerous that you have buried them far beneath consciousness.

Such moments are part of the whole. They depend on what has gone before and quickly become part of what happens afterwards. They join up with other moments to form the larger network of understanding. For analysis is not magic. It produces no sudden, dramatic results, as the movies would have us believe. It is no short-cut to happiness; it is a long, thoughtful procedure that takes much patience on the part of the analyst as he helps you down the winding road to emotional freedom.

Much to my dismay, the analyst would never tell me what to do. I would plead with him to make de-

cisions for me, but he would always tell me to use my own good mind. I had never really thought — I acted on impulse, driven from one sensation to the next. As I began to gain faith in myself, however, I also started to think. It is one of those strange paradoxes, and there are many as you grow to know yourself, that the more you become aware of feelings that you were never able to tolerate, the better you think.

For instance, I had never realized how jealous I was of my brother and sisters; there is much of Othello in all of us if we would but be honest. Then there was the problem of homosexuality, for everyone has feelings for the members of his own sex; and of incest, for the parents of the opposite sex play a large part in every person's life. There was also the matter of normal sex relations.

I had announced at one session that I really wasn't very frightened of sex, that I could accept it casually. Three minutes later I was showing disgust with people who tell dirty jokes. Ten minutes later I was relating a dream. "Last night I dreamed I had a baby," I told him, "but the funny thing was the baby was born at the age of 49. Imagine that! Makes no sense at all."

"What comes to you about the age 49?" the analyst asked.

"Let's see," I stalled. "Maybe something important happened in the

lives of my parents when one of them was 49. Yes, I think that may be it. Now, what could it have been?"

"What else?" he asked. "I can think of lots of things. The forty-niners. Or seven times seven. Or a middle-aged woman —"

"That's it!" I cried out, and my eyes started to fill with uncontrollable tears. "Those figures — 49 or 50 — how often I've heard mother say that at 49 or 50 a woman has no more worries about having babies."

"So, it is logical that you might wish your baby born without the problems of sex that have seemed so threatening to you all your life?" he asked.

I started to sob, wildly and furiously. The nights during which I had fought off men's arms, some of which I wanted around me, merged with those during which mother or father had caught me necking in the parlor or on the porch. The pitiful bull sessions at college, the awe and envy many of us had for girls who discussed contraceptives, the unfulfilled desires which netted me stomach-aches, were all caught in those sobs of fury and pity.

The dreams have helped me to feel the truth. They brought me closer to what James Stephens, the poet, meant when he wrote, "What the heart understands today, the mind will understand tomorrow." For me, the mind

understood first because the heart was afraid.

The mind alone is never enough. Knowledge cannot help; words never cured anyone who was ill of mind. Even criminals know, intellectually, that they should not commit crimes. I was helped not by my intellect but by my whole body, for, as the analyst said, "Treatment takes place in your viscera. The intellect has never solved an emotional problem."

At first it was difficult to understand what he meant. For years I had used my intellect as a defense, accepting things verbally and intellectually but not emotionally. Sometimes what I said and what I felt were miles apart. The analyst might repeat something fifty times and I would agree each time but it would hold no real meaning until one day it would become part of my "guts." Then I would feel it and believe it. It was almost osmosis — the absorption of the concept into both brain and blood.

"Don't you get tired of saying the same thing over and over again until I finally accept it?" I asked him.

"Time is my ally," he replied.

IV

As the time passed and as my tears flowed, a remarkable thing happened. The pain in my nose eased up. After about a year of analysis, it disappeared completely. The more I cried, the

better I felt. After the very tearful sessions I would float out of his office through the city as though a gag had been removed from my throat and chains from my feet.

"My sinus must be my unshed tears," I remarked, as, for the first time in years, I breathed through open nostrils.

The sinus was a lot of things. It was self-pity, repressed anger, fear. It was a way of punishing myself for feeling I was no good. But all I cared was that it disappeared as I pulled back through the unhappy years, realizing that I had been fighting a phantom battle, waging war against enemies of my own making. They stood invincible, these wavering ghosts of childhood, a terrible threat to living even though they were fantasies.

It was not the remembering alone that opened my eyes. It was the growing awareness that all the fears I had were without basis, that I had been tilting at windmills all those years. Remembering is only part of the process; you also have to feel the fear and come to know that it is false.

This feeling of fear, when it is distorted, is what keeps us children emotionally even though we grow up physically and intellectually. When I first heard the word "fear" from the analyst, I asked him what he meant by it — fear of what? "Just fear, period," he replied. "It is always with

you. Some things bring it out; others allay it or relieve it."

Everyone has fear to a certain degree, for without it we probably would not survive very long. Those of us who felt unloved as children, however, are the very frightened people. We have the strongest defenses against fear.

One of the hardest things to grasp in analysis is that it is not the fears of today but the fears of yesterday that must be faced. You react to the fears of yesterday without knowing it. Terror lies not in what happens, or what may happen, but in what *has* happened. You may have long forgotten the events, but the memory of fear lingers on until the day you die if you do not cast it off.

Where there is undue fear, there is anger, for anger follows in the wake of fear. The angry people are the frightened people, whether they are able to express their anger or not. Some of them are so angry and so frightened that they are literally "scared out of their wits." These are the people in mental hospitals.

What destroys fear? The displacement of it by love. The analyst quoted the Bible: "Perfect love casteth out fear." Well, "perfect love" was a new kind of love to me. He explained that it was a love that accepts, gives, allows the other person to live. It differed from my conception of

love, which he described as need and hunger, a love that demands, grabs, possesses, and strangles, rather than sets free.

When I asked him where sex came in, he said that sex was part of love, but that many of us had to think of sex and love as two different things because of our fear of sex. We must clothe it in fantasy, pretend it is something else because we cannot accept it for what it is, a natural appetite like eating, and yet one that calls for control. We put so much emphasis on sex because sexuality is the core of life, and as neurosis represents a threat to life, we who feel neurotic will seize sex when we feel our life is threatened. We seize it wildly, blindly, fanatically, not really experiencing it but using it.

"Everything in moderation," the analyst would say again and again. To him the temperate path was the one to take and the one that everyone would naturally take if it were not that anxiety exaggerated and distorted his feelings.

If I have made the analyst sound didactic or like a lecturer, it is because I have tried to condense and make dramatic some of the things he said. They took a long time to sink into my skin and they were preceded and followed by torrents of words on my part. His was an everlasting calm.

Not every session was fruitful.

There were days when I left feeling the hour was a complete waste because I had been afraid to talk and he probably did not want to rush me into facing my fear until I was ready. But there is waste in everything; that is part of life and part of nature, and only those of us whose inner lives are so imperfect demand perfection of everyone else.

In essence, analysis is simple. It is learning to trust another person enough so that, as he accepts you as you wanted your parents to accept you, you dare to accept yourself. In analysis you find the safety you never had as a child. The analyst wraps you in a protective cocoon of gentleness, as a mother does a baby, and feeling so cherished, you start to gain courage to express your real feelings. You learn to become comfortable with yourself, and when you achieve that you also feel comfortable with the other people who have inherited the earth.

Technically, in analysis the results are achieved through the process known as "transference." The analyst becomes for you the good parent, the love object, God, and you bestow on him all the hunger, hate, fear, terror and rage you have felt towards your parents. Knowing what to do with these feelings, he then helps you to grow naturally, for your growth has been stunted or dammed up by the

fear in your life. Fundamentally you do not change; it is only that you are better able to live with yourself.

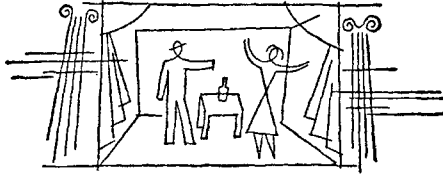
You can then take responsibility for your own behavior, give up fleeing back into childhood, and start to become mature. You will see that it is not what you do that matters, but how you feel about it. You will accept the world as it is and merge with its misery and its happiness. You will realize that you cannot influence too greatly what happens because you are only a small part of a larger scheme of life that belongs to nature, yet you can mould to a degree your own life by making your own decisions and following the philosophy "live and let live." You may never pluck a star from the sky but, as Browning wrote, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

The analysis for me has not ended yet, and I don't know when it will. It is expensive in time and money, but how could it be otherwise? How could habits that took years to develop be changed overnight? How could days of terror be eased except in living through many days of safety?

But in the end, it's worth it. You find out that you don't have to live in fantasy, that the world of reality possesses enough enchantment without spinning around it a web of illusion to veil its truth.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



24 IMPERTINENT MEMORANDA

(1) CRITICISM is a disinfectant of false standards and bogus performance and so naturally has an odor offensive to such as favor cheap cologne.

(2) In their patriotic zeal to boost last season's anti-Communist play, *The Traitor*, various critics and commentators threw some bizarre fits. Take George E. Sokolsky for one example. Thus Mr. Sokolsky:

It is . . . a relief from the left-wing social significance which, for a decade now, we have been fed by writers who, while growing rich on American audiences, find it pleasurable to run this country down. It ought not to be necessary to bring the curtain down on every second act by having a woman on stage say what we used to call dirty words. It ought not to be necessary to show Americans to be dipsomaniacs, nymphomaniacs, bums, cheats, liars, thieves. I can mention a dozen plays that made the top box-

office in which every character was what in the vulgarities of the moment is called a louse.

While I am just as anti-Communist and anti-left as Mr. Sokolsky and while *The Traitor* at least in part fetched me quite as much as it did him, it seems to me nevertheless that he otherwise is anti-sense. Where, for instance, did Mr. Sokolsky see all those plays the curtains to the second acts of which fell on a woman character's dirty words? I have seen every play produced on the American stage during the decade which he refers to and yet, if we believe him, I can not have been there. One or two plays may have had a second act tag line of the kind he mentions, but all the many others elude my memory. As to the picturing of Americans as dipsomaniacs, bums, liars, thieves, etc., does he know or forget that one of the modern Russian dramatic classics, Gorki's *Night Refuge*, thus pictures Russians? And when he states he can

name a dozen plays that made the top box-office in which every character was a louse, he is talking through his hat. If he can name even half a dozen, or half a half dozen, or even one American play in which, without a single exception, every character was a rat, I stand prepared to award him the best five-cent cigar obtainable at the price.

(3) Constructive criticism, as it is called and endorsed, too often erects an outhouse under the impression that it is a cathedral.

(4) The trouble with a sufficient number of our theatrical producers is that they are constituted of too little soul and too much heel.

(5) Though W. S. Maugham's play, *Sheppey*, was not received with critical favor, the author was praised for his fresh imagination in picturing Death as a beautiful woman. Many years before, the Russian Evreinov did the same thing in his play, *The Merry Death*.

(6) Writing of the thematic rebellion of American playwrights in the early nineteen-twenties, John Gassner, that worthy drama critic, observes that they "faced their environment with defensive skepticism or offensive cynicism and discharged bolts of mockery." "It was not long," he continues, "before modern American drama acquired its characteristic pattern of iconoclastic comedy, ir-

reverent farce, and expository or critical realism."

Long before the so-called revolutionary period of which Mr. Gassner speaks, we had iconoclastic comedy from American playwrights like Langdon Mitchell, *et al.*, irreverent farce from Charles Hoyt, and expository or critical realism from Eugene O'Neill, Elmer Rice, *et al.*, and long before them from David Graham Phillips, Edward Sheldon, George Broadhurst, Joseph Medill Patterson, Cleveland Moffett, and others.

(7) If there is one thing more than another that provokes ironic comment from the play reviewers it is the visibly artificial flowers which producers and directors regularly use on the stage in lieu of the real and more expensive article. Nevertheless, I have yet to see an artificial flower that looked anywhere nearly so artificial as such blooms as bleeding hearts, calla lilies and orchids naturally look.

(8) All male actors under thirty should be shot. It would improve the theatre no end.

(9) To produce the average play these days requires about \$65,000. To review it requires not more than 65 words.

(10) Talking movies, juke boxes, radio plays, television plays, ballets on ice skates, night baseball, drive-in cinemas, *al fresco* operettas — how the world has advanced!

(11) It is the common error of the Clifford Odets type of playwright that he mistakes his personal bellyache for a comprehensive social ill.

(12) So the theatre is dying? This last summer saw something like 200 rural theatres in operation, a record number. There are five times the number of university and college theatres that there were ten years ago. The municipal authorities had to call in the law to keep people from paying speculators as high as \$110 for a pair of seats to *South Pacific*. The backers of *Life with Father*, *Oklahoma!* and *Mister Roberts* have already got more than a 500 per cent profit on their investment, and *Born Yesterday* has turned in a profit of considerably more than 1000 per cent. The Shuberts have become multi-millionaires, and newcomers to producing like Leland Hayward have made fortunes in the last three years alone. Tallulah Bankhead asked and got \$5000 a week on the summer theatre circuit. Billy Rose paid out close to \$1 million for the Ziegfeld Theatre and got most of it back within a few seasons. New young playwrights like Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller are living like kings, indeed a lot better than some of the latter who, not being playwrights, have lost their jobs and incomes. Theatres with large seating capacities are in demand, while some of those with only eight hundred or so

seats frequently go begging. Several new Shakespearean troupes have been playing the sticks to good profits. Lecturers, good and bad, who take the theatre for their subject, are booked steadily throughout the country. More books on the theatre were published last year than in any preceding year in the last fifteen. Little experimental theatres have been operating in New York in almost every tenth block. Some newspaper theatrical departments now have more men working in them than they ever had before. Big-circulation magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post* which in earlier years never, or at best rarely, printed articles on the theatre and theatre people now print such pieces regularly and find them among their most popular features. Backers of plays and shows supplied \$6 million to producers in the last theatrical season. Howard Cullman, the most consistent investor among such outside backers, has reaped a harvest on his aggregate investments. The moving pictures, once regarded as a dire threat to the theatre, have lately been crying uncle. Twenty-two town halls in different parts of the land have been converted into theatres. The radio is drenched with theatre programs of one sort or another, and so is television. And we ain't seen nothin' yet.

(13) It is the contention of actors

that only actors themselves can be sound and competent critics of acting, which is much like arguing that baseball should do away with umpires.

(14) The younger the critic, the more strainfully cautious he is in praising a young and beautiful actress, however able.

(15) There has seldom been an actor with little more than a powerful chest expansion and a resonant voice who has not been esteemed by most reviewers as an histrionic artist.

(16) In all truly great art there is the symptom of a tear.

(17) An epigram is the shortest distance between logic and wit.

(18) Gerald Du Maurier, who hadn't seen him for some years, one night encountered Cosmo Hamilton. Dispensing with the customary greeting, he promptly inquired, "Tell me, Hamilton, are you still writing the same garbage?" Hamilton, too abashed to make any reply, hurried indignantly to his club, where he sought counsel of an elderly inmate. "What could Du Maurier possibly have meant?" he demanded. The old gentleman, who had been imbibing his customary whiskies and soda, said that he would have to meditate on the matter a bit, and presently dozed off. Hamilton waited patiently for him to awaken and learn his decision. Half an hour later the ancient rubbed his

eyes, climbed out of his chair, and ambled slowly to the door. At the threshold he paused momentarily and at length spoke: "What he doubtless meant, old boy, was the same *old* garbage."

(19) It is said that there are no new ideas under the sun. That is nonsense; there are, as the records amply prove, dozens of new ideas under the sun. There are, it should rather be said, no new ideas under the moon.

(20) The majority of people, we are told, go to the theatre to laugh. Though they are often disappointed in the case of the farces and comedies, they just as often are not disappointed in the case of what are announced to be serious plays.

(21) When critics praise an actor as one of authority, what they really mean to say is not that he exercises authority over the rôle he is playing but rather merely over the stage on which he is appearing.

(22) A bald actor is usually much more tractable than one who still has hair on his head.

(23) It is sometimes said that critics are disappointed playwrights. The same thing may be said of many playwrights.

(24) Silence is golden. Which is doubtless the reason why the medium of the talking motion picture is described as the silver screen.

SENATOR GLEN TAYLOR MEETS THE PRESS

The Progressive party made much news in the last Presidential election, though it polled little more than a million votes, the lowest by percentage of the total vote polled by any major third party in our history. Lately there has been talk that the Progressive party will participate in the 1950 Congressional elections. The Vice-Presidential candidate of the party appeared recently on Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and revealed his latest views about the party and also about other matters. The broadcast is here reprinted slightly cut.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Senator Taylor, were May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald*, Warren Francis of the Los Angeles *Times*, I. F. Stone of the *Compass*, and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*. Albert Warner of Mutual presided.

CRAIG: Senator, are you sorry now that you went off with Wallace and the Progressives last year?

TAYLOR: No, I'm not. I did what I thought was right, and I think I accomplished some good. I went with Mr. Wallace because at the time it seemed to me that the Democratic party was practically turning into a Dixiecrat party. If you'll remember, Mr. Truman was firing one after another of his more liberal administrators, and I didn't like the get-tough foreign policy. I thought it was leading us to war,

and I went with Mr. Wallace because I wanted to show the Democratic party that it couldn't be reactionary and get away with it.

CRAIG: You said some rather terrible things about the party. Now you're trying to go back and be a Democrat.

TAYLOR: I'm not trying to go back and be a Democrat. I've always been a Democrat in the sense that I believe in the things that Franklin D. Roosevelt stood for. As I said at the time, I didn't think I was leaving the Democratic party. I thought it left me.

FRANCIS: Senator, you told us a year ago that the Pink Communists would be welcome in your party, but that the Red Communists would be for the Republicans because they wanted to get Dewey elected. Do you still feel that way?

TAYLOR: I think that's right, yes.

The Red Communists want a revolution. They figure the best way to do it is to get a Republican in and have another Hoover administration.

FRANCIS: That's what you said last year. Now do you welcome their support again? In 1950, will you welcome the Pink Communists?

TAYLOR: I . . . welcome the vote of any qualified voter. This is America, and I don't believe it's anybody's place to say whose votes they welcome and whose votes they don't welcome. They should present their platform and anybody who wants to vote for them, that's their privilege. It's hypocrisy to say that you don't want certain votes.

WARNER: Senator, I take it that you will run again for Senator from Idaho.

TAYLOR: I probably will.

FRANCIS: On what platform, Senator?

TAYLOR: On my record in the United States Senate.

STONE: On what ticket?

TAYLOR: As a Democrat. I'm going to run as a Democrat, if I run.

STONE: Senator, in view of what has happened in foreign affairs since the election, do you feel you were right or wrong in breaking with the party and running against Mr. Truman in the last election?

TAYLOR: I feel that I had every reason to do as I did. I thought the

foreign policy was wrong. I still don't think the foreign policy is too good. But things have improved. At Paris, they did break down enough to talk with the Russians, and they made some progress. Although Mr. Dulles admitted on the floor of the Senate that even at Paris they considered not talking to the Russians, just turning them down in order to keep the cold war going good and keep the American people frightened.

SPIVAK: Senator, what has happened since the election of 1948 to make you change your views about the Democratic party?

TAYLOR: I'm pretty thoroughly convinced that our political destiny rests with the two major parties. The American people do not want any splinter party.

SPIVAK: Senator, was there any question about that when you ran in 1948? Did you really think you were going to be elected?

TAYLOR: No, I wasn't that foolish.

SPIVAK: Senator, how is it that a person like you would run on a party ticket that was widely accepted as Communist-run?

TAYLOR: I don't agree with that, Mr. Spivak. I was in on all the high councils of the Progressive party, and I never ran into any Communist tactics, anybody trying to string meetings out till late hours so

they could take over. I found it was the most democratic organization I have ever been connected with in practice. They debated everything fully, and everybody had a right to say what he wanted in full.

SPIVAK: Well, Senator, how do you explain the fact that well known liberals like Philip Murray, Walter Reuther and Frank Kingdon, and even Rex Tugwell and Bartley Crum, broke with that group because it was Communist led? Do you think they were all fools?

TAYLOR: No. I think it's their privilege to think what they want to think and do as they please. I just didn't feel that way about it.

SPIVAK: Well, what about the people who ran the party?

TAYLOR: I don't know. There may have been Communists mixed up with it. As I say, the procedures were very democratic and the platform, I thought, was a good platform. Mr. Truman took over our platform in his own campaign.

SPIVAK: Was there any question in your mind that people like Lee Pressman and others were Communists?

TAYLOR: I don't know whether Lee Pressman was a Communist or not. I never asked.

SPIVAK: Don't you think it was important, since you were heading the ticket? Wouldn't you think it was

important for you to find out whether the people who surrounded you were or were not Communists, and beholden to a foreign country?

TAYLOR: No. I didn't ask people whether they were Presbyterians, Communists, Catholics, Jews, or anything else.

SPIVAK: Would you have asked them if they were fascists?

TAYLOR: No, I didn't —

SPIVAK: You wouldn't have cared?

TAYLOR: No, I didn't ask anybody if he was a fascist. We had a platform and I thought it was a good platform. Anybody that wanted to support it, that was fine with me.

STONE: Do you think a man in public life should determine his attitude by whether something is right or wrong, or by whether Communists happen to be for it or against it? Which do you think is the way to arrive at a decision?

TAYLOR: I think that's a very pertinent question, Mr. Stone. Simply because Communists happen to be for something that's good is not going to make me turn away from it. You'd have to be against an awful lot of good things if you opposed everything the Communists are for.

FRANCIS: Senator, the party that you formed last year had a meeting in Philadelphia. They adopted rules. They were going to have an annual

convention. What's happened to this year's convention? Has it been called?

TAYLOR: I don't know. I have nothing to do with it.

FRANCIS: Well, you were one of the ringleaders of it, weren't you?

TAYLOR: I was at that time.

FRANCIS: Has the party gone out of existence?

TAYLOR: I don't know. You can ask Mr. Wallace.

FRANCIS: Do you mean you've disowned the party now?

TAYLOR: I haven't disowned it. I'm back in the Democratic party, and I intend to run for office on the Democratic ticket if I run.

CRAIG: You mean you are leaving a party that you think is right for a party which you certainly did condemn just because you think that in the Democratic party you have a chance of being elected?

TAYLOR: No, because I think that I may, by staying with the Democratic party, make it more nearly what I think a political party should be.

CRAIG: Could not you have done that when you left it for the splinter party?

TAYLOR: Well, at the time it looked to me like a pretty hopeless proposition. As I say, Mr. Truman was firing one after another of his liberal advisors, and it did look like

a hopeless proposition. I wanted to show the Democrats that some people, at least, couldn't, or wouldn't, stand for seeing the Democratic party turn absolutely reactionary. I think it had a salutary effect. I don't know whether it made Mr. Truman go to the left or not. Some have contended that it did. David Lawrence said we won the election for Mr. Truman by making him go back to the Roosevelt policy.

STONE: Senator, you're from Idaho, not from Union Square. What are the folks back home interested in? Do they have the Red heebie jeebies, or are there other things they care about? What do you get in your mail?

TAYLOR: I find the folks in Idaho are very little interested in foreign policy. I get very few letters about such matters. They're interested in matters that affect them directly out there at home. Our unemployment rate is higher than the national average. They're interested in those things.

SPIVAK: Senator, you said some pretty cruel things about the people who were running our government when you ran for Vice-President on the Progressive ticket. Has anything happened? Have they done anything specifically that brings you back to them?

TAYLOR: Some of those whom I criti-

cized the most are not in the government any more. I criticized the framers of our foreign policy, like Mr. Forrestal. I criticized Mr. Draper. Mr. Draper has since left the government. I think things are a little better.

SPIVAK: You don't think that the foreign policy of our government is changed any, do you? You've been very critical of it. In fact, you're more critical of it today than you were then.

TAYLOR: Well, we talked to the Russians and made some progress at Paris. That's very hopeful.

FRANCIS: Senator, you voted for all of the reservations that were proposed to the North Atlantic Treaty. Did you do that because you wanted to save money or because you wanted to help some other nation?

TAYLOR: I resent that. It seems that I can't get on one of these radio programs without somebody insinuating that I have a special commission from Joe Stalin in my hip pocket.

FRANCIS: Well, I would like your answer.

TAYLOR: My answer, sir, is no. Very definitely.

FRANCIS: Thank you, Senator.

TAYLOR: I'm a patriotic American, just as patriotic as you are, sir, and I don't care how patriotic you happen to be. I'm still as patriotic as

you are. I have the welfare of my country at heart enough so that I'm willing to take the unpopular side at any time if I believe it is in the best interests of my country.

FRANCIS: Then would you explain why you voted Yea on those reservations?

TAYLOR: All right, you read them and I'll tell you my reasons for voting on each one of them.

FRANCIS: The United States is not obligated to declare war or use its forces against any attacker of a signatory nation.

TAYLOR: I wanted to make that plain. I think it's Congress' prerogative to declare war on anybody.

FRANCIS: The United States assumes no obligation to maintain the security of the North Atlantic area.

TAYLOR: Well, sir, I wanted to make that plain, too. I think that we're just giving away our sovereignty here, parceling it out to eleven small nations, any one of which can provoke an incident and get us into a war. And I don't believe the American people want that.

FRANCIS: And the third one was, the United States makes no commitment to furnish and sell supplies to any signatory nation to the North Atlantic Pact.

TAYLOR: That's right. I wanted to make that plain, too, because I think they're just sitting there with

their hands out, wanting some more free stuff like they have been for so long.

CRAIG: Senator, I'm sorry to ask you this, but you said in reply to Mr. Francis that you are an American. Did you regard the Progressive party as Communistic?

TAYLOR: No, I did not.

CRAIG: You are not yourself a Communist and never have been. I take that for granted.

TAYLOR: I am not. I'm happy to answer that question to you. If some committee would ask me that question, I would tell them it was none of their business.

WARNER: I was going to say, this sounds like a Senatorial committee.

CRAIG: May I ask you, then, another question in regard to what you said in your speech on the North Atlantic Treaty? You said that, with the exception of England, not one nation would put up more than a token resistance.

TAYLOR: That's right. That's my conviction.

CRAIG: That they would be torn by paralyzing revolutions immediately on the beginning of hostilities. Now, how do you know that?

TAYLOR: I believe that's right. Why, they . . . I don't know that . . .

CRAIG: Is that the Communist plan?

TAYLOR: I don't know whether it's the Communist plan or not, Mrs.

Craig. I just know that I've got horse sense. I know that in France and Italy they have at least 30 per cent Communists, and who would say under those circumstances that they wouldn't be torn with revolution?

CRAIG: In another place in your speech on the North Atlantic Pact, you said that the European workers would sabotage production of arms, and that it was doubtful they could even depend on soldiers over there to bear arms. Now is that again a Communist plot?

TAYLOR: No, that's . . . what's his name, Brown, that writes for . . .

WARNER: Constantine Brown?

TAYLOR: Constantine Brown. He wrote that in his column.

SPIVAK: Senator, is there any question in your mind that the Communist Party is not a party at all, but a conspiracy to overthrow the government?

TAYLOR: I don't know enough about the Communist Party to say whether it's a conspiracy. At the present time, they have the status of a legal party, and until something is done about that in a legal manner, I'll give them the benefit of the doubt.

SPIVAK: Don't you think that, as a Senator of the United States running for Vice-Presidential office, which is a very high office, you should have investigated and checked

on some of the people who surrounded you in the Progressive party?

TAYLOR: I wasn't running on the Communist Party ticket. We met in Philadelphia and formulated a platform, and it was a very good platform to my way of thinking, and anybody that wanted to support that was all right with me.

SPIVAK: We're not talking about the people who would vote, but about the people who were running the party. For example, one of them who was very close to the party was Paul Robeson, who a little while ago, when he came back from Russia, said that the Negroes of this country would not fight for this country. Robeson was one of the important people connected with the party at the time. I can name many others.

TAYLOR: That's right. But he hadn't made that statement at the time I was running.

SPIVAK: Was there any question in your mind that he was a Communist?

TAYLOR: I didn't know whether he was or not. I didn't inquire.

SPIVAK: And you didn't think it was important to inquire?

TAYLOR: I didn't think it was important to inquire into people's affairs as long as they wanted to support the Progressive party.

SPIVAK: But these people were running the party, Senator. They weren't just supporting the party, they were running it.

TAYLOR: No, they weren't running the party. Paul Robeson was not running the party.

STONE: Senator, I notice you have in front of you a famous report criticizing the excessive spending and the excessive power of the military in this country, and declaring that the chief reason for America's strength in the past was its freedom from large-scale peace-time military establishments.

TAYLOR: That's right.

STONE: Is that a piece of Communist propaganda? Who wrote the report?

TAYLOR: No, this is a copy of the Hoover Commission report on the armed services.

STONE: Would you mind reading that part of it?

TAYLOR: There is a quote here. It says, "One of the principal factors contributing to the economic strength of the nation to which we are indebted for victory in two world wars has been this country's freedom from huge peace-time armament burdens." It goes on to say, "There is a growing belief among responsible officials of government that the Communist strategy in the struggle for the world

is to force the United States into greater and greater expenditures of its resources for armaments, for economic aid and support to friendly nations, for lend-lease arms aid to Western Europe, for atomic energy development and for other political-military purposes. Victory by bankruptcy may be the Machiavellian aim of the Kremlin." I'm inclined to think that there's a great deal more truth in that than some of these other charges that we hear. That's one reason that I'm opposed to big military outlays.

SPIVAK: Senator, is there any question in your mind of America's peaceful intentions? Do you think that America was preparing itself when the last war was over to go to war against the Russians?

TAYLOR: I think there were some people in this country that had that in mind.

SPIVAK: Were they people of importance, though?

TAYLOR: Yes.

SPIVAK: Were they important enough to keep our armies intact, for example?

TAYLOR: No.

SPIVAK: Didn't we disband our armies and our air force?

TAYLOR: There are some things that you just cannot do against public opinion, and the people wanted their boys back.

FRANCIS: Senator, do you think we ran the Air Lift just for the fun of it?

TAYLOR: We did it because the Russians imposed a blockade. I'd like to say that I believe we could have come to an agreement with the Russians before we did.

FRANCIS: How?

TAYLOR: Just sit down and talk to them, like we did at Paris.

CRAIG: Well, Senator, what right did they have to impose the blockade at all? We had a right of access to Berlin.

TAYLOR: I'm not trying to defend the Russian position in imposing the blockade on Berlin.

CRAIG: Oh, I thought you were.

TAYLOR: Did you? Well, you're mistaken.

WARNER: Senator, do you think there'd be any genuine chance for a disarmament proposal at this time?

TAYLOR: I don't know. If I had anything to do with it, I'd make disarmament proposals all the time.

FRANCIS: Who would disarm?

TAYLOR: Well, certainly not us, unilaterally, Mr. Francis. I wouldn't disarm until other people are willing to disarm also.

CRAIG: Senator, to go back to Robeson. Do you think any American has a right to refuse to fight for his country?

TAYLOR: No, I don't. I would fight

for my country under any circumstances. I'd figure it was partly my fault for not stopping it. But even if I thought it was unjust, I'd still go in and fight.

STONE: What about conscientious objectors, what about religious objectors? How can you say that nobody has the right to refuse to fight for his country?

TAYLOR: Well, I didn't have those people in mind.

CRAIG: I wasn't referring to those either. I was referring to Mr. Robeson.

STONE: Well, then there are some people whose right both you and Mrs. Craig would recognize to refuse to fight?

TAYLOR: That's right, that's right.

SPIVAK: Senator, why is it that you and the members of the Progressive party have always criticized America's foreign policy and almost never Russia's foreign policy?

TAYLOR: Well, the main reason is that I can't run Russia's foreign policy. I don't have any voice in it at all. I do have some voice in our foreign policy, and I thought it might do some good to criticize it.

SPIVAK: Senator, haven't you and members of the Progressive party criticized the English and the Dutch?

TAYLOR: I've criticized the Russians, for that matter.

SPIVAK: When you were running on the Progressive ticket?

TAYLOR: Yes, at that time. I said quite often that the Russians weren't perfect by any means.

SPIVAK: But they were pretty good; not perfect, but pretty good.

TAYLOR: No, I never said they were pretty good.

SPIVAK: Do you remember your criticism of their foreign policy?

TAYLOR: I didn't criticize their foreign policy particularly. I know that I deplored the fact that Czechoslovakia went Communist, for example.

SPIVAK: But, as I remember, you and Mr. Wallace both pretty well exonerated the Russian Communists for any part in Czechoslovakia's overthrow.

TAYLOR: Well, Russia certainly didn't intervene with any military force in Czechoslovakia, if that's what you mean.

FRANCIS: Senator, I want to know about your plans for next year. Are you going to revive the Progressive party?

TAYLOR: I am not associated with the Progressive party. If I run, I'll run as a Democrat.

FRANCIS: Have you got any new songs?

TAYLOR: No, but I can write them on a minute's notice.

WARNER: I'm sorry, our time is up.

ANANSI AND BRER RABBIT

BY WENZELL BROWN

GENERATIONS of Americans have been nurtured on Anansi stories, yet few of them are familiar with the name. The Anansi stories center about the folklore of Africa, and they were brought into this country by slaves from the African East coast. They have been changed and added to, but their basic patterns remain essentially the same.

The most famous of the offspring of the Anansi stories are the Uncle Remus stories of Joel Chandler Harris. These tales have lost none of their popularity throughout the years. The adventures of Brer Rabbit and his friends take a place high up on the annual best-seller lists of juvenile books, and there has been a real boom in their sales since the release of Walt Disney's *Song of the South*, which recreated, in cartoon form, the inhabitants of the old briar patch. Simon & Schuster announce sales in their "Walt Disney Golden Books" of "tens of thousands," and Houghton, Mifflin, which holds the original copyrights of the Uncle Remus stories,

states that these books still rank high in annual sales.

While Brer Rabbit hops directly out of the folklore of the African coast, he was only a minor character in the original Anansi stories. The principal rôle was invariably held by Anansi himself, who was a spider. Many of the adventures attributed to Brer Rabbit — and later to Little Black Sambo, Peter Rabbit, Mickey Mouse, and scores of other favorites among American small-fry — were originally experienced by Anansi. Probably the reason for changing the original was that American narrators of these tales assumed the rabbit was a more sympathetic character than the spider, though experiments in telling Anansi stories to children indicate that, far from being repelled by the spider, they find him a fascinating creature.

Animal stories seem to go almost as far back in history as the spoken word, and it is, therefore, almost impossible to make a definite statement concerning the origin of any specific

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tale. Aesop's fables, the fairy stories of Grimm and Andersen, the legends of the Orient and the tales of Africa, all have certain points in common. Whether these stories spring from a common source, whether there has been borrowing, or whether the similarities are a matter of coincidence, are questions which have been debated heatedly by etymologists, who have, however, found no conclusive answers. The tales of Africa have remained especially close to the people, for they never took written form. The folk legendry of the United States has borrowed more heavily from African origins than from any other single source.

The Anansi story today is found in its purest form in the West Indies, especially in Jamaica. In the small Jamaican villages, these tales have been handed on by word of mouth from generation to generation; they are elaborated upon and shifted about to fit into local settings, but their spirit is kept intact. Anansi, or "Nansi," as he is frequently called, is not merely a character in a story — he is an important part of the religious rites and superstitious beliefs of these people. The man or woman who closely resembles the spider is looked upon by the uneducated with a combination of reverence and fear, for it is well known that such a person is endowed with unusual pow-

ers to work black magic, or *obeah*. A hunched back, spindly legs, matted hair, or beady eyes, are taken as signs that the person so afflicted is also possessed of supernatural skills.

II

The word Anansi comes from the Ashanti dialect and simply means spider. The Anansi who is the central figure of these folk-tales is a thorough-going scamp. He is strong and clever, but lazy in the extreme, and he can be tempted to honest labor only by the offer of excessive rewards. He prefers "t'iefing" (stealing) to working, and he is constantly looking for chances to fill the gray bag he always carries with him with goods secured through fraud or theft. He has a voracious appetite; no sooner does he finish one gluttonous feast when he prepares new tricks and devices to secure more food. Sometimes, he thrusts himself upon an unwilling neighbor, shoves his host from the table and devours the entire dinner; again, he diverts a fisherman's attention and stuffs his gray bag with the other's hard-won catch; still again, he tricks Brer Donkey into working his fields.

Anansi is, however, a likable scoundrel, with a hail-fellow-well-met air which appeals to others in such a way that they usually forgive him his offenses. His quick wit pulls him through most of his adventures with

striking success but, now and then, he outwits himself and is repaid for his devious plans with a beating or, in some of the tales, with a painful death. According to the Jamaican legends, Anansi was once "round lek person," but, as the result of his many floggings, he is now flat and "done turn odder kind of t'ing."

The best-known of the Uncle Remus stories, that of Brer Rabbit and the tar baby, is found in a much earlier form among the tales of the Anansi. The following story was told me by an old woman in Jamaica, who had heard it from her grandmother.

One time Tiger got a lot o' ground and plant 'im with peas. Tiger hire Anansi to watch it see nobody t'ief de peas. Me'while Anansi he de watchman, himself t'ieving all de peas. Tiger see dis. Tiger take a stump. He put tar on stump. He put a big hat on stump. He put jacket on stump. 'Nansi come along. He see dis stump. He holler an' say, "Who are you in de groun'?" Him don' hear no answer. Him get angry. Him hit de stump. His han' fasten. He hit him wid odder han'. Dat han' fasten. 'Nansi holler, "Aw right! You hol' me two han', I bet you I buck you!" He head fasten. He holler, "I bet you, I kick you!" Him two feet fasten. Den he say, "Poor me bwoy! You a watchman an' me a watchman!" He sing all night, "Mediany dead and gone."

Nex mawnin' Tiger come an' say,

"Why Brar 'Nansi, a you been mashin' me up?" [Why have you been making trouble for me?] Tiger take him out — Tiger say, "Wha' fe I do him now?" Anansi say, "Wha' you fe do? Make a fire, bu'n me." Tiger go way, mak up him fire, ketch 'Nansi, go fe t'row him in de fire. 'Nansi say, "You don't know to burn somebody yet? You must jump ober de fire t'ree time, den me a count." Tiger jump one, an' jump again two, and den go fe to jump again, t'ree. 'Nansi kick Tiger into de fire, den go back now go finish off dem peas.

While Anansi is definitely a spider, he has the power to "turn odder t'ing" (assume another shape) when he wishes. Thus in many of the Anansi stories, the spider conducts himself much as a man would; he carries a gun, cooks in a frying pan, eats pork or beef, beats his wife, or cheats at cards. In the minds of many of the primitive Jamaicans, there is a confusion between Anansi and the local practitioner of *obeah*. They regard the spider with a superstitious awe and believe that any injury done him will be punished by black magic.

III

Most of the Anansi stories are told to amuse children or to form a background for the local songs or "digging tunes," but others have serious tribal or religious significance. Anansi

is the brother of "Brar Dead," and as such he may visit death upon those who flaunt his powers. Brar Dead is one of the most important characters of these tales. Many of the stories told about him are so complicated, so involved in religious rites, as to be incomprehensible to an outsider. The difficulties in understanding are further complicated by the fact that Anansi speaks a dialect which is an exaggerated form of Jamaican speech. (The natives explain this on the grounds that Anansi has both a split lip and a cleft palate.) The reader should also be warned that no feminine pronouns are used in these tales; Anansi's wife, or his cow, are always spoken of as "he" or "him."

Brar Dead, like Anansi, takes on many shapes, and the stories of the relationship between the two are numerous. One of the most popular of these stories is this one:

Deh was an ol' witch call Brar Dead. Him never talk to nobody. If him do, he be dead. Him makin' trap all de day to catch all wil' animal. When he catch, he put dem over de fire and dry dem, but him no eat dem.

One day 'Nansi go deh and say, "Brar Dead, gi' me some o' dat meat now. But Brar Dead no speak not'ing for he can't talk wid nobody. So 'Nansi, him go tak whole bagful o' dat meat and start to eat it.

So Brar Dead have brindle puppy. Him tell puppy go fetch 'Nansi to him.

Puppy go ketch 'Nansi bring him to Brar Dead. Brar Dead very angry. He take a sharp piece a wood and poke it t'rough bot' a Nansi ears. He build up a big fire and hang up 'Nansi till he dry as dust. Dat's why 'Nansi, he ain't got no blood.

As the Anansi stories glorify trickery they can contain no moral, but quite often one of them is made to parallel some happening in the daily life of the village. Thus, if one of the Negroes is caught stealing and is beaten, an Anansi story will be told in which the culprit will be obviously linked with 'Nansi. The narrator often finds it wise to disclaim any such intent at the end of his story. He does this with the sentence, "Jack Mantora me no choose any." This is rather difficult to translate literally. "Jack" is a name applied to the listeners in general and the meaning is, "I am not referring to any person in particular. This is just a story."

Closely linked with the Anansi stories are the "digging tunes"; almost always when a story is told to a group, the narrative is interrupted by a song, in which African words or phrases are frequently used. These tunes were probably the original "rag-time" music, and they form the basis for much contemporary jazz. Their peculiar lilting cadence springs from a peculiarity in their time organization, for the primitive Negro

beats time not with the heavy beat but against it. The foot-fall or drum-beat lies exactly midway between the first and second beat of the music. Resemblances between early African Anansi tunes and jazz are sometimes quite striking. The music of the famous *Tiger Rag* is duplicated, for example, in a Jamaican digging tune which repeats, over and over again, the simple phrase, "Yesterday this time me a nyam tiger fat." This means, "Yesterday at this time I ate a fat tiger." Quite often these tunes include nonsense words, whose original meaning, if any, have long since been forgotten. Thus I have heard natives singing, "Me go to market, me look for youricky-yourk. Me look. Me look. No find no youricky-yourk." When I inquired about "youricky-yourk," I was told there was no such word. It was just something you couldn't find in the market.

IV

Another part of the Anansi tradition is the riddles which he purportedly asked from time to time. These riddles form an important part of Jamaican folklore. Customarily, the riddle ends up with the question, "Wha' he be?" (What is it?)

In Jamaica, one will hear a woman ask a group of children, "Me fadder hab a pepper tree and it nebber ripe till night come. Wha' he be?" The

answer in this case is "stars." A more elaborate form of this same riddle is: "Me fadder hab a pepper tree. Eb'ry night all de pepper ripe and eb'ry mornin' you wouldn't find one pepper on de tree. Wha' he be?"

Again, one child may ask another, "We have a t'ing in de yard and no one can tell where it end. Wha' he be?" The answer is a buggy wheel. Or, "A man work for rich and work for poor but he never put he head inside. Wha' he be?" — a nail.

Anyone interested in testing himself on a few of these riddles might try these ones:

(1) "A black man sit on a red man head. Wha' he be?"

(2) "Three brothers in one house and never see each other's face 'til dead. Wha' he be?"

(3) "I know a man, every time he talk he mouth-corner foam. Wha' he be?"

(4) "Mr. Bigger has a baby. Out of Mr. Bigger and his baby which is bigger?"¹

As Anansi has played such an important part in American life, influencing our folk lore, our music and especially our children's stories, it is a pity that he should be forgotten or ignored, and that his place should be entirely usurped by such newcomers on the scene as Brer Rabbit and

¹ (1) A pot boiling on a fire. (2) Three peas in a pod. (3) The ocean. (4) The baby is a little Bigger.

Mickey Mouse. Brer Rabbit's fame must be particularly annoying to Anansi. He always regarded the rabbit as a dupe and a coward, as is shown in this Anansi story:

'Nansi and Brar Rabbit goin' for walk. Brar Rabbit ask 'Nansi show him "daytime trouble." Dey go on and 'Nansi see a Tiger den wid lots o' young tiger. 'Nansi kill one o' de young tiger. Den he give presen o' meat to Brar Rabbit and tell him take it to Tiger's house. Rabbit he such fool he go 'long a Tiger's house. He hand Tiger de basket. 'Nansi settin' up in tree watchin'.

Tiger mighty mad. He get a razor go for Brar Rabbit. 'Nansi yell, "Run Brar Rabbit. Run for de stone-hole." Brar Rabbit run. Tiger right after him. Brar Rabbit jump down de hole. Tiger wait and wait but Brar Rabbit won't come out. So Tiger get sleepy and go 'way.

'Nansi shout to Brar Rabbit. "Tiger go way. Come out, Brar Rabbit." But Brar Rabbit sick wid fright. He just stay deh.

'Nansi reach down and pull and pull Brar Rabbit by de ears. Brar Rabbit

he pull and pull right back and de ears stretch and stretch.

After while 'Nansi pull Brar Rabbit right out of de hole. Den he look at he ears and say, "Brar Rabbit, you got de mark of de coward. Long as you live never ask nobody again to show you 'daylight trouble.'"

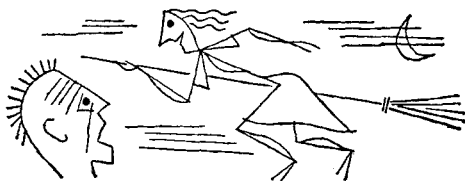
Dat why Brar Rabbit got long ears.

As time goes on, more and more outside sources enter the Anansi stories, so that even in the remote villages of Jamaica one finds fragments from Grimm's fairy tales, Aesop's fables or the Arabian nights creeping into the original tales. Yet the Anansi story has left an indelible mark on American humor and is as truly the forerunner of the comic strip, the animated cartoon and a large section of children's stories as the rhythmic beat of the tom-tom is the ancestor of much of modern American music. It would be a real loss to American culture if the adventures of Anansi should slip into oblivion or become thoroughly corrupted before a proper record has been made of them.



THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



*That love birds die of grief at
the loss of a mate*

Mr. C. J. Cornish (in *Animals at Work and Play*) doubts that the death of the second of a pair of love birds soon after the death of the first is proof that these pugnacious little parrots die of grief. They are very delicate birds, he points out, and the same improper food or unfortunate chill that kills one usually affects the other.

*That kings formerly lived in
open profligacy*

At the abdication of Edward VIII, many who longed to see him keep both the crown and the lady felt that it would have been otherwise in the good old days, that Charles II or Louis XIV would have taken no nonsense from Mrs. Grundy or the archbishop.

But, despite romantic fiction, the kings of old, while frequently proflig-

ate, were rarely open about it. Mistresses were either concealed completely or attached to the court as ladies in waiting and the most elaborate mummary was gone through to preserve the fiction of their status. When we say that "everybody knew about it" and that it was "discussed openly," we are speaking from the safe distance of several centuries, equipped with knowledge gained from the closely guarded and posthumously published memoirs of gossipy courtiers. Voltaire got into serious trouble for even mentioning Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour in the same poem, and when later that monarch was taken ill at Metz and thought to be dying, the bishop of Soissons refused to administer the sacrament when he learned that the Duchess de Châteauroux and her sister were so much as in the town. Louis was forced to send her back to Paris and en route her coach was stoned by a morally indignant popu-

lace that had heard whispers of unconventional goings on.

That American women are equal with men in the law

Many minor legal discriminations against women remain. In the aggregate, they are quite impressive. In a third of the states, women cannot serve on juries. In many states, prostitution is defined as the act of a female. In quite a few, all common property during marriage — including the wife's personal fortune, if she has one — is controlled by the husband. In a third of the states, the mother can become the legal guardian of her child only if it is a bastard. Most states severely restrict the right of a young woman to dispose of her person. And so on.

That corpses sealed in coffins have been found, centuries later, in perfect preservation but that within a few seconds of opening the coffins they fell to dust

This yarn, dear to garrulous vergers guiding wide-eyed American tourists through English cathedrals, may be based on a too literal acceptance of the Biblical assurance that we are dust and shall return to dust. There used to be a verger at Canterbury particularly addicted to this spooky assur-

ance. His chief subject was Henry IV whose leaden coffin, he claimed, had, by chance, been opened in his presence. For one unforgettable moment he had gazed upon the russet beard and the lowering eyes of the sinister Bolingbroke and had just had time to be struck by his resemblance to his effigy when, with a faint crepitation, the royal features dissolved into a fine white powder and the last vestige of the fourteenth century withdrew forever into the somber shadows of the gloomy arches.

The story was a good one and always well delivered. Furthermore it had the advantage of not being open to examination, at least not by the average tourist. Such scant records as we have, however, of the opening of the old leaden coffins in which the great of the past were soldered do not substantiate it. Milton was so buried in 1674 and in 1790, during the course of alterations to the church which had led to his temporary disinterment, his coffin was pried open and various teeth, ribs and scraps of hair torn loose by his admirers or by those who hoped to sell them to his admirers. A Mr. Philip Neve collected as many pieces of Milton and information as he could and published an account (*A Narrative of the Disinterment of Milton's Coffin*) in a curious pamphlet, now in the Bodleian, of what is surely one of the most re-

markable instances on record of the zeal of souvenir hunters. Mr. Neve cross-questioned everyone he could who had been present at the opening and there is no doubt that Milton was not in a perfect state of preservation even before his admirers got at him.

That children slide down the banisters

A child who attempted to slide down the actual banisters would be in immediate need of the services of a urologist. What children slide down is the handrail which is supported by the banisters (or, more proper still, the balusters), the slender upright posts which guard the side of the staircase.

That certain foods are not "wholesome"

There is scarcely anything edible that has not at some time or place been regarded as delicious. Maccaenus, who could surely afford the best, liked donkey meat. Heliogabalus, an effeminate epicure, was fond of the combs and wattles of cocks. Trimalchio delighted in the dugs of a pregnant sow and, incredible as it seems to us, Roman gourmands set great store by the skin of a womb that had miscarried — "whereunto," as Sir Thomas Browne remarked, "we

could hardly persuade our stomachs." Homer (*Odyssey*, IV) seemed to regard fish as the last resort of the starving, and to the Elizabethans bacon was a disgusting substance fit only for gluttonous boors. Dogs have been eaten with relish by many peoples. Galen recommends them young, fat and gelded. Varro and Appicius record recipes for preparing mice. Until very recently sparrow pie was eaten by many people in England and rattlesnake meat is now being offered in cans. The Mexicans eat fried worms. They have a fine, nutty flavor. Insects are a staple of diet for many. Many African tribes eat ants. John the Baptist's locusts were no more a publicity stunt than his camel's-hair coat was a luxury. Both represented the severest plainness of living, that was all. Many Americans, by the way, eat fish eyes in their soup, though many more would rather go hungry. Caviar remains caviar to the general. Bourgeois taste is about equally divided in respect to brains, though the necessities of the war enlarged the number of those who would eat them. Testicles are highly esteemed in many country places, where they are called "mountain oysters," though city palates would probably reject them if they knew what they were.

Most animals eat the excretions of

other animals. The thought is repugnant to us, except, of course, in regard to those excretions — honey and milk — we enjoy. Peculiarly enough, we esteem them as being particularly “wholesome.” The milk of cows and humans is most consumed among us, but every kind has probably been used at some time or other. Goats and asses’ milk are still prescribed in certain sickness, though there is a growing doubt of their value. Horse’s milk is still a staple among the nomadic peoples of the Asiatic steppes and has its devotees even among Europeans. The father of Toulouse-Lautrec, the painter, used to ride a brood mare into the Bois de Boulogne every morning, dismount at his favorite café, milk his steed into a half glass of sherry and consume the mixture to his own and the bystanders’ delight.

That circumstantial evidence is unreliable

There are two sorts of evidence — testimonial, or what certain people say happened, and circumstantial, or logical deductions based upon the observable facts. No one who has had much experience with human testimony would hesitate to choose between them and he would choose the circumstantial evidence. So indeed would anybody in anything except a

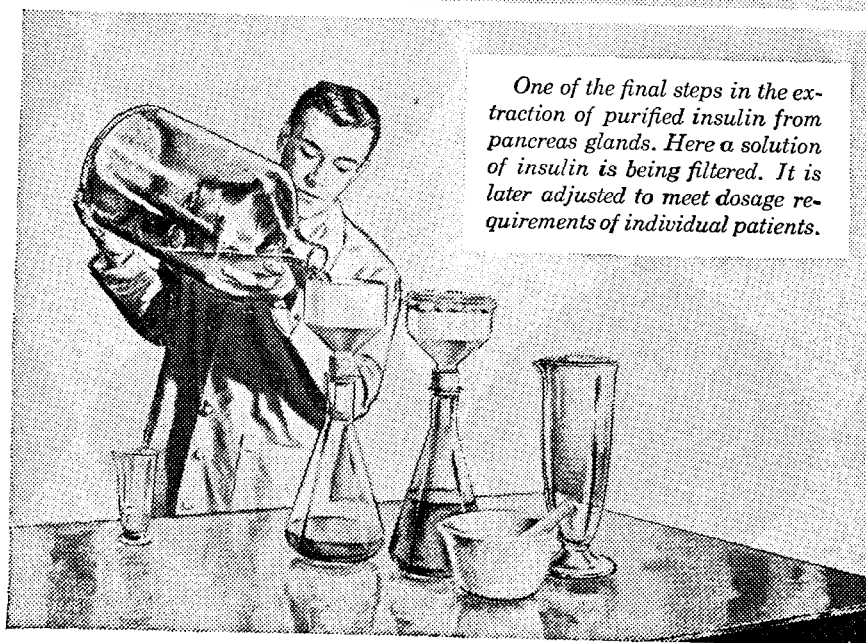
criminal case. If an automobile, for example, had been wrecked in such a way that it would have been impossible to move it and if experts testified that the skid marks on the asphalt showed that the car must have been doing sixty miles an hour on the wrong side of the street, few opponents of circumstantial evidence would accept the assurance of the driver that he was doing thirty on the proper side.

Max Radin has suggested that the popular attitude is basically anti-intellectual, a hatred of logic and a jealousy of experts.

That “once a Caesarean, always a Caesarean”

It is widely believed that if a woman has a child by Caesarean section she must have all her subsequent children in the same manner. Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher, Associate in Obstetrics at Johns Hopkins, says that this belief is an error, based on the fact that from 2 to 4 per cent of those who have had Caesarean sections will rupture the uterine scar in a later pregnancy or labor. “However,” says Dr. Guttmacher (*Into This Universe*, p. 264), “most authorities believe that it is usually unnecessary to repeat the section, unless of course the cause for the original operation is still present.”

Progress in fighting *DIABETES*



One of the final steps in the extraction of purified insulin from pancreas glands. Here a solution of insulin is being filtered. It is later adjusted to meet dosage requirements of individual patients.

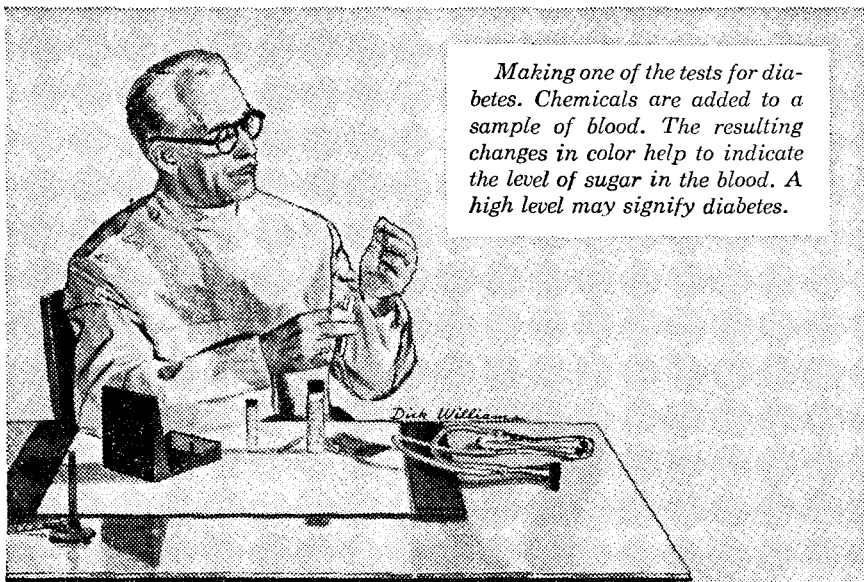
What medical science is doing . . .

Great advances have been made in controlling diabetes. The discovery of insulin in 1921 has led to a much greater life expectancy for the average diabetic today. For example, at age 40, the expectancy is more than twice what it was before insulin was developed.

Medical science is still on the march. It has developed different types of insulin. Some are quick acting with a

short term of effectiveness; others are slower acting but longer lasting.

In addition, it has been discovered that diabetes can be produced experimentally with a substance called *alloxan*, as well as by other means. This may shed new light on how the disease develops. Various studies, including research with radioactive isotopes, also offer hope for important advances in the treatment, and perhaps the prevention, of diabetes.



Making one of the tests for diabetes. Chemicals are added to a sample of blood. The resulting changes in color help to indicate the level of sugar in the blood. A high level may signify diabetes.

What you can do . . .

Recent surveys indicate that in addition to the million *known* diabetics, another million people in our country have diabetes and are unaware of it. So it is wise for everyone to keep alert for these warning signals—excessive thirst, hunger, or urination, continual fatigue, or loss of weight. It is important to see a doctor at once if any of these conditions appear.

Doctors recommend that everyone

have an annual physical examination, *including tests for diabetes*. These tests are especially important for those who have diabetes in the family, those who are overweight, and those past 40.

While there is as yet no cure for diabetes, it can generally be controlled through insulin, diet, and exercise. By following the doctor's advice about keeping these three factors in proper balance, the diabetic can usually live a practically normal life.

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WHAT DID I DO?

A STORY

BY JOHN CRAIG STEWART

IF IT had not been for the two second cousins, Marcia and Louise, Tom would not have been invited to a party while he was visiting Douglas that summer. If he had not gone to the party he would not have met Eugenia, and if he had not met her, although he had seen her at the swimming pool and longed timidly to know her, he would not now be walking down the street at night on the way to his first date. It was a formal date, and he was in his first long trousers, white duck trousers, and a blue serge coat. Already there were beads of perspiration on his forehead and a sticky dampness over his freshly scrubbed tense body. He understood now why Douglas had laughed as he sat patching the wing of a model plane and watched him dress for the date, and again later as Douglas stood on the front porch, leaning casually against the banisters, and watched him as he walked slowly into the dark toward Eugenia's house.

"My Lord, Tom," Douglas had said, "you really going to walk a mile across town in that hot coat to see a girl?"

"Oh, it's not far," Tom had said, "not very far. I don't get hot very easy anyway. I just thought I'd like to go over and take her to a movie. She seems like a pretty nice girl."

"A movie?" Douglas howled, "you going to walk all the way to town after you get her just to go to a movie? If you're going to a movie, why do you have to take a girl?"

Tom had seen his own face turning red as he looked in the mirror to tie his light blue four-in-hand tie.

"Well, she may not want to go, but I thought I'd ask her," he had said.

Douglas shook his head, "That party was enough for me — all those girls standing around giggling and looking silly; and hot, oh golly, I got hot with that tie on. If it hadn't been for the ice cream I'da died."

And Tom remembered the party

JOHN CRAIG STEWART is a student of Hudson Strode at the University of Alabama. His short story, "The Devil Can't Look Back," appeared in the October 1948 MERCURY.

and how his timidity had given way to ease and a sort of flushed and unequivocal joy. He was the guest of honor. It was Louise who introduced him to Eugenia, and he had entered his name on her prom card for a five-minute date as often as she would allow. And each time they started out of the house and through the garden, lingering behind the other couples, he became more convinced he had found the girl he would love forever. Toward the end of the party when the other guests were leaving, he asked her if he could take her to a movie. She had said yes in a casual manner that made him know it would not be her first date. Now he was on his way to fill that date.

Twice since the party he had telephoned to break the date, but each time the telephone rang he had hung up the receiver, a cold lump in his stomach and the sweat popping out on his forehead. He did not really want to break the date, but he was afraid, afraid of being ridiculous, afraid that in that strange world he would confront a situation in which he would not know what to do, and that Eugenia would see it and be embarrassed for him or because of him.

He could not understand his cousin, Douglas. He did not seem to want or need the companionship of girls which other boys their age were beginning to seek. Inside Tom in the last few

months this need had risen strange and impelling, permeating not only his body but seeming to saturate the air, the tone of sunlight, the leaves and grass, all mixed into and becoming part of a pattern in which all things moved to that now furious blending of curiosity and desire.

To Douglas this preoccupation with girls was a thing he tolerated in his friends. Patient and acquiescent, he bore with his girl cousins and the society their kinship imposed upon him. But usually he seemed to be looking over their heads into another land known to him alone, toward a proud destiny, not with smugness but with assurance and imperturbability.

Douglas had helped Tom in everything he had done since he came from the country to visit. But in this venture tonight Tom was alone. Douglas could give him no help. It was now, as his half reluctant steps were drawn across the quiet streets toward Eugenia's house, that he needed help most. He heard the empty echoes of his heels and he knew that in a moment he would be with her, that the challenge of losing or realizing the joys her beauty promised rested on his own unpracticed shoulders.

II

Through the trees he picked out the house; the front porch light was burning. He crossed the street, took

out his handkerchief, and wiped his face. He ran his tongue over his lips, moved into the shadows, and took out a comb and ran it hurriedly through his hair — too short for a boy who was old enough to be having dates, it made him look like a child, but he would let it grow out and comb it back dampened with water before the next time. He pulled his trousers up and tightened his belt. He felt a drop of perspiration roll down between his shoulder blades. He started off again moving out of the shadows, casually sauntering down the walk so anyone on the front porch of her house could see him coming like any other boy would come, to whom this was all old stuff. He believed he was doing it right; he checked himself again, smoothed his coat in front, and turned in at the gate. The heavy summer night was about him. He could smell the cape jessamine sweet and lingering in the front yard as he went up the walk toward the house towering high in the shadows, many-gabled, wide and full of angles and curves. The upper story was dark but discernible in the light of the half moon. It was, he thought, like an old castle in which a princess lived. His mouth was dry as he mounted the steps, and his face was burning. I'll just be calm and kind of off-handed, he thought, like I've done this before. He searched out the bell and pressed it, then without

breathing he waited for the sound of footsteps in the broad dimly lighted hall which he could see through the double screen doors.

Before he heard the steps, he saw a woman approaching through the hall, a short rather fat woman. Her mother, he thought, and cleared his throat. She stopped at the door.

"Good evening," he said. "I'm calling for Eugenia."

"Oh, yes, you're Thomas Mac-Allen. Come right in. I'm Eugenia's mother." She pushed the door open for him and held out her hand. He bowed stiffly and took her hand — this is easy, he thought. She showed him into the parlor. "Sit down, Thomas, I'll call Eugenia."

"Thank you, Ma'm." As she went out, he sat down on the sofa, alone in the quiet room. He looked down to see that the perspiration had come through at several spots on his white duck trousers, on his thighs and knees. As he heard light footsteps approaching down the hall, he tried to cover the spots with his hands, but he knew they would show when he stood up. Eugenia paused in the doorway and stood there with the hall light behind her. Her light golden bobbed hair made a sort of halo around her head where the thin spun strands fused into the background of light. She wore a pink dress, silk stockings, and high-heel shoes. Standing there smiling at

him and saying "Hey, Tom," she looked almost as old as Miss Lenoir, his pretty schoolteacher back home. He stood up feeling shaky and hollow, like he did when he missed every shot on his first quail hunt last Christmas day. His hands felt long and useless. He put one behind him, the other to the back of his cold wet neck.

He shifted himself heavy-footed across the room toward her. He did not clear his throat before he spoke, as he knew he should have done, he forgot; he was thinking of walking casually, like the older town boys walked, and so without clearing his throat he spoke.

"He-ey," he said, breaking the one casual greeting into two syllables, octaves, terrible and embarrassing octaves apart, the first tone low and manly, the second, shrill, high. He saw the quick smile dart across her lips and vanish. Before she could answer he had cleared his throat and said, "Hello, Eugenia," in deep, careful tones. She did not come into the room but waited there in the doorway holding her small white handbag, and he knew she remembered the mention of the movie and that she was ready to start now.

"It's hot tonight," he said as they went out the front door. "I ought to have a car."

"Oh, I don't mind walking," Eugenia said sweetly.

He took her lightly by the arm as they went down the steps. He could smell her perfume, not heavy-scented, but light and suggestive, an odor so faint it was quenched as they passed near the cape jessamine onto the sidewalk. He glanced at her and saw her look up quickly at the moon, and in its half-burnished glow her eyes flashed dreamily for a moment. Her skin seemed to give off more light than it absorbed from the moon.

He cleared his throat: something to say, something sophisticated like my brother Jim would say to a girl, he thought. I can't let this chance go by; I'll never meet another girl as beautiful as this, one who has so much sympathy or who feels like Eugenia can feel toward me if I really do this thing right. And now he thought how it would be to put his arms around Eugenia and draw her close to him and feel her face against his, maybe her lips against his.

Glancing at her again, he saw the slight tilt of her head, the pouty red lips and the small nose, very small, somewhat tilted itself. And as the shadows of trees passed over her in the moonlight, and the street lamps caught her beauty flickering like something transient in a pleasant dream, he suddenly felt as though he were going to explode inside. He wanted, if he could not put his arms about her, to turn loose and run up

and down the street, whooping and leaping along, swinging to the trees and going through the branches like no one he had ever seen could do until he saw Douglas in a tree. But he held himself still with adult dignity beneath the moon beside his lady.

He cleared his throat thoroughly before he spoke. "Eugenia," he said, "did you ever go hunting?"

And now he knew he saw her smile, and he heard the slight beginning of a dainty laugh. "No, Tom," she said, "I never have. Would you like to take me?"

He caught the half-hidden tone of condescension in her voice, but he ignored it. "I sure would," he said. "Maybe I can get back down here in the fall or winter — you have to hunt in season, you know. I'll bring my gun, it's a four-ten gauge, small enough for you to shoot, and I'll show you how to shoot it."

"Oh, good," she said, and held out a small soft hand to him, and as the thump of his heart became a heavy throb in his dry throat, he held the hand and walked wordless beneath the moon shadows. The world and all in it were his now. He breathed deep of the warm ancestral air. I am known here, he thought; like Mama said, this is home.

"You ought to come out and see some of our games, Eugenia," he said, "I'm playing third base for the

West Enders while I'm here; that's Douglas' team."

"I'd love to, Tom, I just love baseball. My little brother plays on the Greysox team —"

"Little brother?"

"Well, he isn't really a little brother, not really, but he's younger — he's only thirteen."

"Oh," he said, and in the moment of his relaxing grip on her hand, he felt it slip out of his, and they were coming on to Brannon Street, the main street of Rutledge with the long white way. They turned and walked along Brannon toward the Grand Theatre. A short distance down the walk he felt her eyes on him. Now she's looking at me, he thought, maybe she likes me. I'll be indifferent; Jim says they like that. He squared his shoulders and turned to look at the shop windows on his left. Then quickly, softly, he felt her movement behind him as she crossed to the left, the inside. She's flirting with me now, he thought, and grinned. I must have made a hit with her.

III

They entered into the darkness of the Grand and for nearly two hours watched Errol Flynn suffer and fight his way through *Adventure Road*. Twice during the brutal scenes she leaned toward him and gave a little squeal. He took her hand each time

and, turning to her, smiled a warm, brave, comforting masculine smile.

When they came out into the blinding light and the warm still summer air, the jolting return to reality hit him in the face like a damp washrag, as it always did after the interlude of cinematic glory. But he recovered quickly that night. The void was more than filled by Eugenia.

"I hardly think one man could have lived through all that," he said, and smiled at her.

"Wasn't it horrible?" she said, and closed her eyes against the memory of the thing. "Simply horrible, horrible."

"Forget it, Eugenia," he said in low exhorting tones. "Would you like a chocolate ice cream soda?"

She glanced sharply at him, and this time in the light of Brannon Street her smile was caught between her teeth as she bit down on her lower lip.

"I sure would, Tom, or a coke maybe."

As they crossed the street to Swann's Drug Store, he saw it — the cream-colored convertible — parked at the curb. And before they turned into the store, he heard the horn, three loud blasts, cruel in its inevitability and its obviousness. Eugenia turned and smiled.

"Oh, hey, Edgar, hey, Paul," she paused. "Oh, hello, Bill, I didn't

recognize you." The three boys grinned and waved back.

"Ride you home?" Bill called.

"We're just dropping in for a coke," she said, "we'll only be a minute. I'd love to ride, it's so hot."

I ought to say something, Tom thought; they're her friends. "Will you have a drink with us?" he said, and then noticed too late they had drinks in their hands.

"No thanks," they laughed. Stiffly he went in the store beside her, feeling rather than believing his position had already slumped far into the background.

"Two chocolate ice cream sodas," he said to the waitress, and smiled at Eugenia.

"Oh, no, Tom," she said, "just a coke for me."

"Come on, Eugenia, have one, please. They're the best I ever tasted."

Her eyes snapped. "No, thank you, a coke," she said.

"All right, one coke and one chocolate ice cream soda," he said to the waitress, and simultaneously his eyes were riveted outside. In the convertible, three pairs of eyes were staring in at them. In the long time before the drinks arrived, he said, "That's a pretty car of Bill's."

"Oh — it rides like a dream," Eugenia said.

She drank the coke hurriedly. Tom

did not get to finish his soda because he felt her eyes on him, green, beautiful and impatient. He did not want the soda anyway, not really now.

"Well, let's go," he said casually.

"Let's do," she said. "It's so hot, the ride will help."

"Yeah," Tom said.

"This is Tom MacAllen — Mr. Miller, Mr. Ames, Mr. Berry —" she said. Then he heard her lightly calling their first names, "Bill, Paul, Edgar."

Paul got out and held the front seat for them to get in. "Y'all jump in and let's be off," Bill said.

IV

Smoothly the convertible purred and backed into the street, and then with a surge of wind-sweeping power roared off down Brannon Street, cream-colored, low-swung, shining and powerful. Eugenia put her hand up to hold her blowing hair. Tom looked at her. I'll be glad, he thought, when we get to her house and we can talk.

"Like to drop by the Club, Gene?" Bill said, and looked over his shoulder as he changed gears. "Some of the crowd's out there dancing."

She looked at Tom questioningly, then spoke. "If Tom doesn't mind," she said, already answering the question with the purr of insinuation in her voice.

"Yeah," Tom said, "I guess so — it suits me."

Oh Lord, he thought, dance, out on that dance floor with all those grown folks. He had seen the floor empty in the afternoons when Douglas brought him to the club pool, the piano on a little raised platform in the corner, the grown people sitting on the broad screened porch or the shaded terrace, sipping drinks, or casually dressed figures coming in hot and full of talk from the golf course. All this was a long way from the hot-plowed fields, the lonesome woods, the wide gravel-bottomed lake of Dansby and Abe, his country friend in his overall swimming suit.

And he would say to Abe, Abe I went dancing at the Country Club, and Abe would squint at him and say, I don't believe you danced, but what's a country club? — Is it in the country? — I thought you went to Rutledge. That's what Abe would say, and that's what he would tell Abe. But he did not know how to dance, and he did not know how to tell Eugenia — Gene, Bill called her. When the time came to dance he would try to be nonchalant, sophisticated, he would say he did not like to dance. The car swerved smoothly into the drive and he saw lights and heard music. He reached for Eugenia's hand, but she was using it to put new lipstick on her small puckered lips.

He might have tried to dance if things had been different, and if she

had been willing to show him something about it, but she must have known without his telling her that he had never danced. Before they sat down, Bill asked her to dance, and she did not even look back at Tom, who watched them glide away across the floor. That Bill sure knew how to dance.

Tom sat on a long sofa by himself; it continued sinking when he sat on it until he felt awkward with his knees up in the air, and the sweat spots on his white duck trousers were dusty and wrinkled. Eugenia glided by, close in the arms of another boy, an older boy Tom had never seen. Her eyes were closed. He watched them circle the floor. She changed partners before she passed him again; the boy was skinny and clumsy, and her eyes were open now. It's his first time, maybe, Tom thought. This time Eugenia smiled at him, and he grinned back and tried to wink a bored wink but he was not sure that either eye closed.

The music was suffocating now, loud and full of brass. The couples bounced on the floor. Edgar came over and sat down on the sofa as though he were tired. He mopped his face with a handkerchief. Tom wished Edgar would stay there and talk to him.

When the music stopped, he turned to the older boy and smiled, "You ever go huntin' much?" he asked.

Edgar was not looking at him when he spoke. He glanced his way and smiled, but he did not answer. He got up and went off toward one of the small tight-knit crowds against the wall, from whom quick hard laughter burst forth momentarily. The little groups where a man ought to be, Tom thought, not sitting alone like a dumb yokel with the sweat showing through his trousers on a sofa long enough for five people. He was glad when the music started again. He wished they could go home, but he could not ask her, he had to wait. And the longer he sat, the less people noticed or even looked in his direction. He had become part of the furnishings, the sofa, the chairs, the flower pots which surrounded him and with which he felt at one. His mouth was dry. He got up and went to the bar.

"A coke, please," Tom said. The old Negro bartender smiled at him. He reached in the ice chest and took out a frosted bottle.

"I ain't seed you out here befo' but seems like I knows yo' face."

Tom grinned. "Maybe you know my Papa. My family used to live here before I was born."

"Who he?"

"Mr. Gordon MacAllen."

"Lawd Gawd, sho." The old man threw his head back and chuckled. "I remembers all yo' family, I remembers the day you'se bawn, boy."

"Well, I be doggone," Tom said, and moved closer, leaning on the counter. He felt at home at last.

"Is yo' papa ever got done huntin' birds?"

"Naw, he still hunts," Tom said. "I got a gun myself now, a fourteen gauge, a double barrel. Last year ——"

The old man shook his head and chuckled again. "Lawd, Lawd," he said, "tell me 'bout it."

And when Bill came with Eugenia flushed and laughing, leaning on his arm, Tom was still there talking to the old man. He had forgotten them.

"You ready to go, Tom?" Eugenia said.

"Yeah," Tom said. And as they walked off, "Goodnight, George, be seein' you."

"Goodnight," the Negro said. "You tell yo' papa ol' George Knight remembers him."

"I sure will," Tom said.

v

"Tom, I hope you didn't get tired of waiting," Eugenia said, and took him by the hand and smiled softly at him. "I had no idea you didn't dance. I'd never have brought you out here if I had known."

His hopes blazed again, and he felt his flesh tingling to her touch.

When they got in the car he asked, "Where's Edgar and Paul?"

"They're staying out a while longer," Bill said.

And they all got in the front seat, and he held his hands in his lap and could think of nothing to say. He noticed they did not talk either. Eugenia hummed a dance tune and smiled at him.

Tom thought, when I am alone with her, on the front porch after we get to her house, I will tell her how I feel about her. When Bill's gone we can talk and get to know each other; this is just the beginning of a whole summer. She must like me or she wouldn't smile at me the way she does. When we're alone, everything will work out, we'll make some plans, I'll ask her to go swimming. That ought to work out fine ——

Eugenia sighed, "I'm tired, so tired. I think I'll let Bill drive me on home, Tom. We go right by your aunt's house. Would you like to get out there and save yourself the walk back?"

At first he believed her, he wanted to believe her very much, because not to believe would eliminate forever the high pitch of ecstasy his vague hopes about Eugenia had made live in him. What she said sounded plausible, but he knew it could not be true and he realized completely and at once that beyond the movie and the soda, beyond the moment when Bill in the convertible blew the horn, she

had not been with him. And if that's the way it is, he reasoned, there was never much before.

"All right," he said. The car swung to a stop in front of the Nelson house. He got out and said, "Goodnight, and thank you for the ride."

"'Night, Tom," Eugenia said, "thanks for the movie and a wonderful evening."

She held out her hand and he took it and felt the quick soft pressure, but she did not move from the center of the seat beside Bill. As he watched the car disappear around the corner into the night, he thought, they're still right together.

He stood for a moment in the silence. What did I do wrong? he asked himself in a whisper, feeling the hot stickiness of his clothes. What did I do? She acted funny on the side-

walk, she kept changing to the inside of the walk. A couple of times she laughed at me. I've lost her — but I never had her to lose.

He went into the house and up to the bedroom. He felt hot and sad and humiliated. Douglas was asleep in the cool room. An electric fan was blowing over him, making his short hair stand up and lie down in time with the oscillation. He looked clean and cool and at peace. Tom leaned over to wake him. But what could I tell him, he thought, and his face burned. He stepped back quietly.

Tomorrow would be time enough to answer the smiling eyes and the one question, "How was it?" He began slowly to undress. Again he looked at Douglas sleeping, and this time the pang of envy rose sharp and definite inside him.

FEAR

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Fear goes feathered. Fear runs furred.
Where dreamers flock, Fear rides herd.

Fear wears jewels, a cleric's collar.
Fear is a beggar, a soldier, a scholar.

Even dictators must presciently feel
A rapier stab in a vulnerable heel.

Fear: that which panics a honey-bee
To death for a hive's necessity.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WONDER DRUGS

BY JAMES & PETA FULLER

FOR OVER a decade now, the arrival of any new anti-bacteria drug on the scene has been greeted by so rapturous a press that normal, protective skepticism has been dazzled to death. The public is always eager to believe that an all-conquering panacea is at last within grasp, and the few professional voices that have been raised in protest have been drowned out by the blare of trumpets. The unwelcome truth is, however, that many of yesterday's miracle drugs have moved quietly backstage.

The layman inquisitive enough to peer behind the scenes is apt to get a shock. First, his optimism is dashed with cold water by the London *Lancet*: "Scarcely a month passes without the description of one or more antibiotics, most of which are likely to be of little or no practical importance." He finds another world-famous medical journal calling attention to "The Waning Power of Penicillin." Sulfathiazole and sulfapyridine, he discovers, have been quietly dropped

from the American Medical Association's list of New and Non-Official Remedies because of the high frequency of serious reactions. In fact, the local application of all sulfonamides has been condemned. Toxic effects on patients, it turns out, far outweigh any benefits. And on the editorial page of the *British Medical Journal*, a stinging rebuke to streptomycin further jars his complacency: "What are we to think of a chemotherapeutic agent which can become an essential growth factor for a previously susceptible organism?" — one which might, as the *New England Journal of Medicine* points out, actually aggravate infection by encouraging bacteria to multiply.

Last year, the Veterans Administration had to warn the 400,000 discharged servicemen who had been treated for syphilis to come back for checkups. There was a good likelihood, VA officials announced, that the cure had failed in 20 to 30 per cent of these wartime and postwar cases.

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The old Army treatment (bismuth and arsenic) was time-tested, and the results could be more or less accurately predicted. Not so with the newcomer, penicillin. Even today, when the newer therapy is a medical specialty, its failure rate in early syphilis is 5 to 15 per cent and sometimes higher. The use of penicillin in syphilis is still in the experimental stage, say responsible doctors, who also admit that they aren't yet exactly sure when syphilis is cured.

Such dilemmas are not new to medical men. A rather spectacular failure helped to usher in the antibiotic age. Twenty years ago, bacteriophage — "phage" for short in ecstatic headlines — was the wonder drug of the hour. This mysterious foe of bacteria had been hailed with all the familiar clichés of medical reporting: "The latest weapon against disease . . . Gives promise of becoming the world's greatest disease conqueror . . . The dawn of a new era in bacteriology . . ." etc. D'Herelle of the Pasteur Institute, who discovered it, foresaw the day when deadly epidemics would be stopped cold by pouring his bacteria-killer into a city's water supply.

Unfortunately, the day never came. In any event, phage did not live up to its promise. Almost without exception, phage-treated patients developed fever and nausea. The antibiotic

destroyed the enemy in the test tube, but not in the patient. Phage therapy went out.

A cautious surgeon will tell you that an operation cannot definitely be declared successful until five or ten years afterward. Slowly we are learning that conservative physicians are right when they insist that it takes ten to twenty years, or longer, to determine the long-range virtues — and hazards — of any new drug treatment.

II

The hazards are sometimes slow to reveal themselves, as was demonstrated in the history of agranulocytosis — a fatal malady peculiar to our pharmaceutical times. Dr. Roy R. Kracke, dean and professor of clinical medicine at the University of Alabama Medical College, told the story recently in *Hygeia*.

The disease, he said, first appeared in Berlin in 1922. There were only five cases to begin with, all women. They had one symptom in common: their white blood cells had in some mysterious way been completely destroyed. Their bodies, disarmed against invaders, became masses of infections. Ulcers multiplied in many parts of the body, especially the mouth. All five died.

Soon the disease spread to the United States. Here it was noticed

that females were victims in a ratio of 4 to 1 over men. Many seemed to be women who had difficult menstrual periods. Significantly, agranulocytosis was at first twelve times more prevalent among members of the medical professions and their families than elsewhere. Nearly all of those afflicted died. Meanwhile, the disease spread until, in 1934, several thousand deaths were reported in this country alone. After several more years of sifting, investigators put the finger on a benzine ring drug, amidopyrine, better known as pyramidon. Doctors stopped prescribing it. Hospitals banned it. The Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission barred it from over-the-counter sale. By 1938, agranulocytosis had practically disappeared.

There the story might have ended if at about that time the sulfa drugs had not appeared. Sulfa compounds *can* cause the disease and soon agranulocytosis was again a medical problem. "Some patients," reported Dr. Kracke, "have lost their lives in this way from the administration of sulfa drugs. Indeed, it has been shown that sulfa drugs are capable of producing severe effects not only on white cells but also on red; they can cause the most severe types of anemia. Even a normal dose of sulfa drug within a few days can destroy the red

cells in such numbers that they are cut in half. Furthermore, they can cause marked depletion of the blood platelets (a coagulant), producing severe hemorrhages from which the patient may die of uncontrollable bleeding. Fortunately, these results happen in only an occasional patient."

It is a disquieting paradox to find ourselves fighting disease germs with a drug which simultaneously destroys the body's own natural mechanism for doing the same job. But Dr. Kracke did introduce "a cheering note." Penicillin, he observed, was a sort of godsend to sulfa therapy. It can be used to control most of the secondary infections which develop in the absence of white blood cells caused by the sulfonamides. Thus, the patient can be kept alive long enough for the bone marrow to manufacture more white cells.

Somewhere along the line, though, Dr. Kracke became noticeably disconcerted. "The safest rule," he concluded thoughtfully, "is to remember that what you don't take won't hurt you." This is a useful thought, but not popular, since, as Sir William Osler once remarked, "the desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals."

Once a patient and his advising physician have started going around in modern drug cycles, they may find

it difficult to stop. Mr. Ecks, for example, has been given penicillin. It can cause severe skin reactions in the form of giant hives. These usually start on the scalp, the palms and the soles, and later may involve the whole body. The debilitating itch can be controlled to some extent by the brand new anti-histamine drugs, though these are too new for anyone to know precisely what *they* do, or why. But many of the anti-histamine drugs themselves bring about what physicians warily term "unpleasant side effects."

Penicillin, at least too much of it, does something else to that once delicately balanced organism, the human body. Like the old-fashioned sulfa drugs and the infant prodigy, aureomycin, penicillin may interfere with the growth of the intestinal organisms which synthesize the B vitamins. Then, unless vitamin supplements are given, the patient may find himself with odd-sounding deficiency diseases such as glossitis and angular stomatitis.

The hypothetical end is not yet. Skin specialists remind us that vitamin B complex, in turn, often causes a diffuse, itchy skin eruption on the arms, torso and thighs. "The benefits of thiamine chloride," they say, "are nullified by the inconvenience, insomnia and nervousness caused by vitamin itch."

III

The allergists, another group of specialists whose business is prospering in the rash of new drugs, have admitted for some time that asthma and rhinitis (with symptoms like hay fever) resulting from drug allergy are not at all unusual. Penicillin and the sulfas are among the chief suspects. Recently, a worried Florida doctor queried his colleagues as follows in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*: "I have under observation a group of patients who have been sensitized by the sulfonamide drugs, penicillin and some of the anti-histaminics . . . Could this not be the reason why one sees more allergic persons today who have asthma, rhinitis or other allergies which may have been initiated by the various drugs in question?"

To be fair, however, it should be stressed that such a sorry sequence of cause and effect rarely runs the full theoretical course. The risks cannot all be calculated, but most physicians are alert to the dangers—at least those reported so far. Doctors know, for instance, when directing the use of sulfanilimide, that nausea, headache, fever, jaundice, pallor and shock, in that order, indicate acute haemolytic anemia, and that immediate blood transfusions are imperative, since the red cells are destroyed so

fast that the hemoglobin in the blood may fall to 30 per cent over night. Once this condition develops, mortality is high.

Sulfonamide therapy is never without risk, warns Dr. J. Stewart Lawrence in his book, *The Sulfonamides in Theory and Practice*. It has cured many, or at least helped nature to cure (the action is not completely understood). It has also killed. Serious and sometimes fatal kidney damage is perhaps the commonest of the undesirable by-products. Some sulfas are unquestionably less toxic than others, but kidney trouble has been estimated to occur in as many as 70 per cent of the cases treated with sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole.

"Quite apart from the fatal complications," says Dr. Lawrence, "some degree of visceral damage is nearly always produced." Doctors at the University of Michigan Hospital in Ann Arbor, during a four-year period, performed autopsies on 283 patients who had received sulfa-drug treatment shortly before they died. More than half were found to have myocarditis (inflammation of the heart's muscular wall) for which there was apparently no explanation other than the drug. As a check, the doctors injected rats and mice with doses of sulfa comparatively smaller than are used in human treatment. The animals developed myocarditis.

Since the fact is well known that sulfa and the antibiotic drugs often give quick relief, it is natural for a patient to be willing to take his chances on possible long-term effects. The trouble is — and this he usually does *not* know — the oftener we take sulfa, the more sensitive to it we tend to become, and the earlier and more severe the toxic reactions. Sulfa medication for mild disorders may prohibit its use later in serious illness. Drug fever, for example, which can result from dosage with penicillin and streptomycin (but is more common after sulfa treatment), seldom occurs the first time the drug is used. But the second time, sulfa fever, as high as 106° F., may appear within an hour or two. Although not necessarily fatal or even serious, the fever has misled some physicians into diagnosing a spread of the infection. The dosage would then be increased and deaths would result.

Far more disturbing in its long-term implications is the drug resistance put up by the embattled bugs themselves. The battle against bacteria, like that against insects, is a two-sided contest. Certain types of flies used to die like flies when they encountered DDT in the heyday of that spray. Their descendents, as most of us now know, resist up to 50 times that original dosage. Nature, apparently rejecting man's prejudice in

favor of his own survival at the expense of her other creatures, is also fighting back at the antibiotics with her usual ingenuity. In the case of sulfa drugs, medical men were slow to recognize the phenomenon. Today they keep a vigilant watch for the warning signs — and worry.

Nine years ago, in the bright morning of the sulfa era, laboratory workers found that streptococci, grown in broth which contained a low concentration of sulfanilimide, became drug-resistant in sixteen hours. They could develop and thrive as happily in broth, whether the drug was present or not. Presently, scattered evidence turned up here and there to indicate that what could happen in a test tube could happen inside the body. Patients being treated for endocarditis, pneumonia and gonorrhea were found to have drug-resistant bacteria.

“Bugs” that develop immunity are a menace to any community as well as to the patient, as Dr. Lawrence, among others, has pointed out. “Such resistant organisms may apparently be disseminated by carriers, so that eventually the development of drug-resistance on a large scale might render all sulfonamide therapy valueless. Resistance to one sulfonamide, unfortunately, usually means resistance to the others.”

In 1946, Army and Navy doctors had some alarming experiences which

duly found their way into the pages of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. In several Army and Navy units, mass prophylaxis of the men had been undertaken with sulfadiazine to prevent respiratory infections. The streptococci, after an initial Dunkirk, returned to the fray, rearmed against the drug, and produced extensive outbreaks of haemolytic strep infections that could not be controlled by *any* of the sulfa drugs.

This was troublesome news for the medical profession both here and abroad. “Drug-resistant bacteria might become highly pathogenic, be seated in populations, and result in wide-spread diseases refractory to treatment by sulfonamides,” said *New York State Journal of Medicine* editors. “Indiscriminate chemotherapy constitutes a real hazard.” In England the independent medical journal, *Lancet*, was moved to comment that “The possibility of the epidemic spread of a strain of pneumococcus or streptococcus which is both virulent and drug-resistant is not to be regarded lightly . . .”

By this time, luckily, penicillin was in the saddle, riding to the rescue. Far less poisonous than anything on the sulfa drug shelf, it was effective, for the time being at least, against many of those bacteria that had toughened themselves against sulfa.

IV

The reprieve was dramatic but probably temporary. A new note of dismay may now be detected in the intramural talk of doctors and scientists. In 1948, Sir Lionel Whitby, president of the British Medical Association, told his colleagues that a large proportion of gonorrhea cases are now sulfonamide-resistant, and that the outlook for penicillin and streptomycin in many infections which they once cured is not much brighter.

There was a good reason for Sir Lionel's pessimism. Among patients at London's Hammersmith Hospital in 1947, the incidence of penicillin-proof strains of staphylococcus had increased in less than a year from 12.5 per cent to 38 per cent. A year later, the figure had reached 59 per cent. Moreover, the new-style bugs had been found in patients never treated with penicillin. They were being carried by nurses and doctors.

This was very bad news. Said the *British Medical Journal*:

Although unheard of in the early days of penicillin treatment, they [penicillin-resistant staphylococci] form a substantial proportion of strains from patients for whom such treatment is contemplated, and usually cause it to fail . . . It is for its power over the grave staphylococcus infec-

tions that we have always had the most reason to be grateful for the discovery of penicillin, and that power is already well on the wane. We must indeed look to a future in which the problem of treating these infections has almost to be faced afresh. Streptomycin is unlikely to do more than help to bridge a short gap between penicillin and some new form of chemotherapy . . .

And so it is turning out. In March 1949, four years after the discovery of streptomycin, the British Ministry of Health issued a statement urging that it be used with extreme caution in view of the severe and sometimes permanent toxic effects. Streptomycin-resistant strains of bacteria must be watched closely, officials emphasized, since they may develop with great rapidity. At the same time, Scotland's Ministry of Health condemned the tendency to "try" this new antibiotic in every form of tuberculosis.

Although streptomycin is generally acknowledged to be the best drug treatment for tuberculosis, that best is not too good, according to a recent report to the American Medical Association by Drs. H. J. Corper and Maurice L. Cohn of the research department of National Jewish Hospital in Denver. The antibiotic does not destroy the virulent human tubercle bacilli, nor completely retard their

development, and therefore cannot be considered a cure for tuberculosis in man at present.

Resistance of the bacilli develops with such speed that it seems likely the rôle of streptomycin will be a minor one as an adjunct to surgery and other conventional forms of tuberculosis therapy.

No one yet knows whether bacteria are adapting themselves by mutation or by natural selection, but indiscriminate and/or faulty use of the antibiotic drugs is apparently a potent factor in producing such resistant strains. Both British and American medical journals have called attention to the fact that the enormous consumption of penicillin today can be accounted for only by a great deal of promiscuous dosing.

As a matter of fact, penicillin is now one of the five most commonly prescribed drugs, according to a recent report in *Minnesota Medicine*. At St. Luke's Hospital in Duluth during a sample three-weeks period, it was found that approximately half of all patients received penicillin. "The diagnoses ran almost the entire gamut of diseases prevalent in this part of the country." In addition, the drug was given to *forestall* infection in a majority of obstetrical, surgical, orthopedic and genito-urinary cases. The study indicated that this wholesale medication was not only excessive but

was evidently applied, in most instances, without adequate preliminary analysis of the patient's bacteria. There is no reason to suppose that a few Duluth doctors are alone in this innocent faith in the cure-all properties of the drug.

Penicillin for self-medication has been available in several forms at drug store counters since 1945. To what extent the uncontrolled use of the drug by laymen is contributing to the resistance movement of the bugs is, of course, impossible to estimate. But medical authorities are concerned about it.

v

The trouble is becoming more complicated. Inadequate dosage seems to propagate sturdier germs. But massive doses which kill before the bacteria start to fight back, can, theoretically at least, create an even more serious problem for doctors. Chemotherapy could become *too* successful. The *British Medical Journal* asks editorially: "May infection be overcome so exclusively by the chemotherapeutic agent alone that the body's normal defense mechanism may not function, that no immunity results, and a second attack may consequently follow?"

The question is not asked idly. There is already scattered evidence of patients treated with penicillin for

streptococcus sore throat who have failed to bring into play their own antibodies (which normally are in there pitching). The penicillin bombs exploded before the leucocytes could get into action. Cases have been reported of post-penicillin recurrence of a disease as severe as the original attack. Nature, if she gets too much outside help, lies down on the job.

"The faculty of disbelief," said Walter Elliott, former British Minister of Health, "like every other faculty, atrophies from disuse. Yet . . . it was never more necessary than it is now. The phrase, 'Science tells us,' should raise an instant challenge in our minds. Very often, however, it is the prelude to dumb acquiescence."

Medical science, unharassed by the world's impatient demands for a catholicon, will in any event make its traditional, cautious, sure-footed way toward the betterment of mankind. But it has been too often betrayed into most unsuitable *marriages de convenance* by adroit publicity writers and sensational newsmongers. "The pharmaceutical houses in their expensive and well-dressed up publications at times tempt the unwary physician to unsupported conclusions as to the value of newly discovered drugs," Dr. Ernest P. Boas complained in a recent issue of *New York Medicine*.

What happens to them? Why do so

many of these remedies retire into semi-obscurity or oblivion after the first huzzahs die down? Having asked this question himself, Dr. Austin Smith, director of the A.M.A.'s Division of Therapy and Research, gives one restrained answer:

Unfortunately, not all the published reports [of new drugs] are entirely dependable; errors in work may be reported; erroneous interpretations may be drawn; and enthusiasm or wishful thinking may creep into the conclusions . . . No one can deny that many accidents have occurred because drugs were not properly tested or their actions thoroughly understood before they were used . . . Practically overnight the sulfonamides and antibiotics were introduced into medical practice and accepted so promptly that their limitations were sometimes overlooked by their less critical observers.

And now here comes neomycin! Just the thing, it is said, to demolish some of those highly adaptable bugs that have taken streptomycin in their stride. Shall we lay out the red carpet? String the bunting? Or welcome it with the suspended judgment recommended to doctors by the *British Medical Journal*?

"An attitude of skeptical anticipation is the only possible one, for the drug may possess undesirable qualities not yet apparent."

MAYOR GAYNOR—A POLITICAL MAVERICK

BY MORTIMER SMITH

AMONG the men who have served as Mayor of the city of New York, there have been political hacks, dandies, venal spoilsmen, at least one near-moron, and a few with ability and a sense of public duty. William Jay Gaynor, who was mayor for one term beginning in 1910, fits into no precise category. Although his character and accomplishments were in many respects extraordinary, even unique, perhaps the most remarkable thing about his career as lawyer, judge and mayor, is that it constituted a record of almost startling variation from type. On the side of personality he probably made less effort to be ingratiating than any politician before or since. He was so brusque, severe, and generally irascible as to be almost terrifying to his meeker associates; a political veteran who knew them both recently remarked that the temperamental outbursts of the late Fiorello LaGuardia paled into sweet reasonableness along-

side the best of which Gaynor was capable in this line. "Whatever else he was," says this observer, "Gaynor was by a wide margin the most cantankerous man ever to sit in City Hall."

His nonconformity to the conventions of politics was evident in other ways. A politician who in small things could play the game with the trickiness of an Armenian rug-dealer, in larger matters or things concerning his own future he was too incorrigible an individualist to be able to make the compromise or indulge in the high-sounding, noncommittal talk ordinarily required for political success. A Democrat, he was elected to the mayoralty with the backing of Tammany, but when a representative of the Hall approached him after the election and asked what they could do for Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany, the Mayor's reply was, "Suppose we give him a few kind words"; and as it turned out, Murphy

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got precious few of these during the new administration. Gaynor thought all politicians were pussy-footers and complained of the "sharpers" and "gabby, cagey little fellows who make you shiver when they come near you," with whom he had to associate every time he went to Albany or Washington.

If he was a politician who hated all other politicians, he was also a reformer who found all other reformers distasteful. He had a tendency to spurn with savage ferocity the proffered aid of other individuals and groups in the reform movement, including the fusionists in his administration who were presumably fighting the same enemy. His greatest ire, however, was reserved for uplifters. To the Mayor, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, whose long career in the city was a vigorous one-man vice crusade, was full of "rancor and uncharity," a man "who thinks he is pious when he is only bilious." Another well known reformer of the period, Canon William Sheafe Chase, had his head full of "nasty vice," according to the Mayor; and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, a sharp critic of the Mayor's policies, was denounced as a "rhetorician with a proverbially crooked mouth."

Gaynor understood little and cared less about what is now called public relations, refusing to make any effort to foster good feeling among the local

journals, most of which he lumped together as "ragbag newspapers." When the National Publicity Bureau asked him for a statement, he replied: "You ask me to give an interview saying, 'What would I say to the readers of 3000 newspapers?' I would say to them to be very careful about believing all they see in the newspapers." When a reporter would follow him to his week end farm at St. James, Long Island, the Mayor would appear at the door in answer to the ring, glance at the proffered press card and hand it back with the brusque reply: "Never heard of you. I suggest you get the hell off my front porch."

Gaynor had another and less terrible-tempered side. Of rather bookish inclinations, he often took time from his duties to write letters to his friends discussing Don Quixote, Cellini's *Autobiography*, or the sayings of Marcus Aurelius, and was constantly instructing New Yorkers by quoting in his discourses from Epictetus, Cato, or Lecky's *History of European Morals*. His splenetic disposition was not in evidence when he was dealing with children, animals, or those unconventional adults among his acquaintances who were considered somewhat disreputable. In the city, one of his cronies was an unfrocked priest, and at St. James he spent most of his free time in the company of a scholarly

drunk who slept in barns. He had a passionate admiration for pigs, and any reporter who had the wit to bone up on pig lore beforehand was less likely to be turned from the Mayor's door.

II

That Gaynor was an odd character to be involved in politics was never more evident to his fellow-politicos than when he turned down what seemed a reasonably good chance to obtain the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1912. That extraordinary little busy-body, Colonel Edward M. House, before he settled on Woodrow Wilson as the candidate, wanted Gaynor to run; and in this he had the backing of Bryan, whose support was essential to any aspirant. House arranged for Gaynor to journey to Texas, the Colonel's home state, for the purpose of talking with influential Democrats and addressing the state legislature, and he also suggested that the Mayor run for Governor of New York state, a position which would add to his prestige as a Presidential candidate. But House figured without the Mayor's idiosyncrasies; when the stated time for the Texas appearance came round, Gaynor failed to show up. He never gave any satisfactory explanation except that he was too busy to bother with such matters; furthermore, he pub-

licly announced that he had no intention of running for governor. House, understandably enough, was puzzled and not a little peeved, writing later, "I wiped Gaynor from my political slate, for I saw he was impossible." He was probably further bewildered and hurt when shortly afterwards the Mayor, in a public speech, repeated the saying of General Phil Sheridan: "If I owned both Texas and Tophet, I would lease out Texas and live in Tophet."

Charles Seymour, now President of Yale University, who edited the House papers, can think of "no reasonable explanation" of Gaynor's conduct, and is inclined to charge it up to his "erratic and whimsical nature." The general feeling about the man, prompted by a lifetime of such unorthodox political behavior, was summed up by the *New York Times* when he died: "Gaynor was a puzzle to friend and foe."

Gaynor was born on a farm in Oneida county, New York, attended the local one-room school and later the Assumption Academy in Utica where, under the influence of the Christian Brothers, he was persuaded to enter that brotherhood under the name of Hadrian Mary. After graduation he taught for a while in a parochial school in St. Louis. But he suddenly and abruptly left the order and the Catholic Church, and spent

the next few years in travels, which took him to such widely separated points as San Francisco, Panama and Boston. He finally returned to Utica and studied law, and in 1873 he arrived in Brooklyn, which was to be his home for the rest of his life. Those early years are shrouded in mystery, and although his political opponents tried to read scandal into them, suggesting that he departed from the Church under some sort of cloud, Gaynor steadfastly refused to elaborate on them, remarking to a friend who urged a public explanation, "It's nobody's damn business."

After a short period as a newspaper reporter, Gaynor settled down in Flatbush and later in Brooklyn proper as a successful lawyer. He was soon reputed to be a man of financial means. Although ambitious for public office, his lone-wolf attitude and inability to adjust himself to party machinery kept him out of office until 1893, by which time he had established such a reputation for knowledge of public affairs and such able, if somewhat surly, critical evaluation of them, that both parties were pushed into nominating him as a fusion candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court. His career as a judge covered the period from 1894 to 1909, when he resigned from the bench to run for mayor; he remained a trial judge until 1905, when he was designated a

member of the Appellate Division of the Second Department. His record as a trial judge was remarkable for diligence, speed in completing cases, number of decisions affirmed by the higher court, and for a cantankerous and contemptuous attitude towards lawyers remarkable, perhaps, in the history of American jurisprudence. In his private chambers, he was equally stern and was known on one occasion to have relieved his ire with an underling by tossing a full inkwell at the culprit's head. When his secretary, James P. Kohler, was asked in later years what it had been like to serve the Judge, he replied, "Nine years of hell."

As a reviewing judge of the Appellate Division he did not cease his sharpshooting at lawyers, his decisions being peppered with tart comments such as these:

This verbose complaint alleges . . .

The complaint lacks precision but in its bungling way (which we have to overlook in pleading nowadays) it alleges . . .

The facts of this case are simple, once you get through the drudgery of picking them out of the mass of useless matter which counsel on both sides seemed bent on accumulating on the trial . . .

One of the last matters to come before Gaynor as a member of the

Appellate Division was a divorce case, and the decision he wrote on that occasion has found its way into some of the law textbooks. The evidence showed that the man had met a woman at the railroad station, that they had then gone to a hotel, registered as man and wife, and proceeded to a bedroom; but one of the judges maintained this was not sufficient evidence of adultery. Gaynor's opinion, which caused the case to become known as the Paternoster Case, contained the following observation: "What did they register in a hotel as man and wife and retire to a bedroom for? We have it of old that it is presumed he saith not a paternoster there."

III

Judge Gaynor was nominated for Mayor of New York in 1909 with the backing of the regular Tammany organization, in a three-cornered fight which included Otto Bannard, a wealthy business man, as the Fusion candidate, and William Randolph Hearst as the candidate of his own Civic Alliance. Hearst, a good hater and a past master at tricky in-fighting, did not like the Judge and saw to it that his private life was painted in the most unfavorable colors. Anonymous pamphlets were circulated suggesting the worst about his early apostasy from the Church, and revealing, in

ominous overtones, that he had been divorced from his first wife. Much was made of the fact that Gaynor had the reputation of being a two-fisted drinker who preferred his whisky neat, but this was hardly libelous, as he himself made no bones about it.

Although all of his running mates were defeated, Gaynor was elected despite Hearst's best efforts, and on January 1, 1910, he entered upon his four-year term. From the start it was discovered that the Old Man, as his colleagues called him, was an exceptionally alert watchdog of the city's affairs, one who had his nose into everything, large or small. He abolished long established political sinecures, drastically reduced running expenses, refused to appoint party hacks as heads of departments, and made strides in cleaning up the deplorable conditions in the magistrates' courts.

The people of the city also soon discovered that the Mayor was a prodigious and accomplished letter writer who made herculean efforts not only to carry on the necessary correspondence of his office, but to reply personally to the thousands of communications, most of them foolish, which citizens insist on addressing to public officials. His replies were invariably pithy, concise, and exhibited no tendency to curry political favor or to

suffer fools gladly. Here are some excerpts:

To a woman who complained that the public library had discriminated against a friend's novel:

I am satisfied that the notion of the author that his book was excluded on moral grounds is erroneous. It is quite harmless, but very stupid. It must have been rejected on that ground.

To a Greek Orthodox priest who complained that he was ridiculed when he walked along the street because of his black beard:

How is it they take notice of your beard? Have you trimmed it in some peculiar way, contrary to the Scriptures? Are you certain that it is your beard which is the cause of the trouble?

Late in the summer of that first year in office, after seven months of what some impartial observers have called the best administration the city of New York ever had, Gaynor with his son Rufus boarded the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* at Hoboken for his annual European trip. While he was standing on deck saying good-bye to several friends and city officials a discharged employee of the Docks Department, one James J. Gallagher, pressed a gun at the back of the Mayor's neck, sending a bullet crashing into his throat and almost killing him where he stood.

Gaynor felt Gallagher was stimulated to his act by the Hearst papers, and said as much after his recovery, to which charge Mr. Hearst replied: "I am exceedingly sorry that Mayor Gaynor was shot, and if Mayor Gaynor has said what you tell me, I can only add that I am exceedingly sorry that his injuries have affected his mind. . . . His experiences did not abate his evil temper nor his lying tongue." This sounded cruel and heartless, no doubt, but perhaps it should be borne in mind that Gaynor never spared Hearst, having a short while before at a dinner of the Associated Press called him a "forger" and "libeler" who ought to be in the state prison, and was in future to accuse him of many other heinous offenses, including that of being the owner of disorderly houses.

IV

The temptation in writing about Gaynor is to play up his colorful side, to concentrate on examples of his hot-tempered eccentricity. The man has, however, more solid claims to fame. To anyone who now reads over his letters and speeches, the striking thing about the man is that he was that anomalous figure in American public affairs, a politician who operated consistently in the light of a settled philosophy of government. It is not easy to label this philosophy

but it might be said to be a combination of Jeffersonianism and philosophical anarchy, a devotion to the concept of Emerson, one of his favorite authors, that "the less government we have, the better — the fewer laws and the less confided power."

One of the reasons reformers annoyed Gaynor (aside from the fact he found their personalities invariably distasteful) was that he felt they were all for adding to the multiplicity of laws and for putting additional power in the hands of government. "Crimes and vices," said he, "are evils to the community; but it behooves a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices combined." When he tried as mayor to apply his theories — when he attempted to curb the arbitrary power of government — he was disappointed to find that his efforts were not universally hailed by a populace grateful for having its burdens lightened, but were more often interpreted as a sign of weakness. One of the things which got him into trouble was his insistence on curbing the ingrained tendency of policemen to throw their weight around. When timid citizens complained that by following his methods you could not detect and punish crime, he answered bluntly, "Then don't."

Although Gaynor talked about "the folly of trying to regulate commerce by laws or judicial decisions," he was a stern critic of the practices of big business, of trusts and holding companies, but he was careful to point out that such monopolies were the artificial creation of government itself, evils which had their origin "in laws which we have passed instead of in any failure to pass laws." He was an old-fashioned liberal in the nineteenth-century sense, an advocate of *laissez faire* in social, economic and personal matters, and as such was an anachronism even in the comparatively unregulated period in which he lived.

Although the Mayor during the latter half of his term lost face over what many considered a vacillating attitude towards the financing of new subways, the greatest blow to his prestige, and one which would probably have been his political death-knell had he lived to run again for office, came from his conduct of the Police Department. It was during his administration that Lieutenant Charles Becker was convicted for instigating the murder of Herman Rosenthal, from whose gambling operations Becker was taking a cut. The Mayor's attitude in the midst of the public clamour and denunciation was far from placatory; like "a self-satisfied old barnacle," as one

of the papers described him, he refused to tolerate bad reports of the police from anyone but himself, his wounded pride preventing him from recognizing even sincere and well-authenticated criticism.

During 1913, the last year of his term, Gaynor's health failed rapidly, the obstruction of the bullet which remained in his throat bringing on constant fits of coughing which weakened his heart. As the summer came to an end, he was embittered by the obvious circumstance that he was an unwanted man. Tammany selected Edward E. McCall as its nominee for mayor, and in the fusionist Committee of 107 Gaynor received only one vote, the ultimate choice being John Purroy Mitchel.

There was, however, some spontaneous non-political agitation for his renomination, and early in September a citizens' committee, accompanied by about a thousand spectators, appeared at the City Hall to offer him independent nomination. The Mayor was too weak to make a speech of acceptance but his secretary read his dictated statement in which he paid his respects to the Tammany chieftains as "a little coterie of men who follow politics as a dishonest trade, and have no other visible means of support . . . all of one stripe, and of a kind to cast lots on the garments of

the city." When he was handed a shovel, symbol that the work of building new subways was to proceed, he roused his ailing body from his chair and with a vigorous sweep of the implement in his hands, shouted: "The people are going to shovel all of these miserable little political grafters into one common dumpheap!"

The next day, he and his son secretly boarded the steamship *Baltic* bound for England. It was the Mayor's intention to remain on the ship for the round voyage, hoping the sea air and rest would restore his strength. But on September 10, while the vessel was a few hundred miles from Liverpool, his son came on deck to call him to lunch and found him slumped over dead in his chair.

His funeral in New York, which was described by the *Times* as "the most impressive ceremonial witnessed in America within half a century," showed, perhaps, that the crowd is not always lacking in appreciation for the intransigent individualist. If the thousands of mourners, stretched in a long line from the City Hall to the Battery, waiting to view his remains, recalled the statement he had made to reporters a few weeks before his death, they recognized its accuracy: "I have had a pretty hard time for four years to hold my own against all comers, but *I have been Mayor.*"

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

BY HARRIET GRAY BLACKWELL

SOUTH CAROLINA is unlike any other Southern state. The upper layers of the state's society think of it as a kind of independent principality, as one of the last havens on earth where men can enjoy the divine right of oligarchy. But even among the underprivileged whites — a good percentage of whom are illiterate — there is a fierce pride of race. The feeling of a separate, uniquely superior heritage has persisted through the years.

Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, president emeritus of Wofford College in Spartanburg, once described the South Carolinian as a man who believes in God, is a born Democrat and marries one woman for life. (The state, until recently, was the only one in the country that refused to allow divorce for any reason.) And that is about as far as anyone can go in making generalization about the South Carolinian. For actually, the state has always been divided into two sections, the Up Country and the Low Country, whose mores, economics, climate and

topography are generally dissimilar.

The Low Country, which is much the more romantic region, was settled in 1663 after three previous attempts had failed. Colonization of the territory was promoted by eight Lords Proprietors, to whom Charles II had given all America between the thirty-first and thirty-sixth parallels of latitude. The great John Locke himself drew up its "fundamental constitutions," which handed 12,000-acre estates to barons, *caciques* and land-graves. When the settlers were not tangling with these gentry, they were fending off Spaniards from Florida, French traders, Indians, and, later, pirates.

But for the upper crust, life came close to being idyllic. Their Georgian homes were graced by English elegance (silver services were periodically shipped to London for re-modeling) and staffed by an ample supply of Negro flunkys. Because it seemed to have a way of life worth preserving, the Low Country contributed five

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delegates to the first Continental Congress and four signers to the Declaration of Independence.

South Carolina's Up Country, a land of red clay and blue mountains, was not settled till fifty years later, and by a very different type of pioneer. Most of them were English, Scotch, Welsh or German small farmers without the taste for elegance or the means for many slaves. Their sharper accent contrasted with the soft slur of the lower altitudes. In times of trouble, however, it has usually been the Up Country men who stiffened the state's backbone.

And there have been many such times. One hundred and thirty-seven engagements of the Revolution were fought in South Carolina. It was the first state to sign the Ordinance of Secession, and it suffered such crushing losses in men and property during the Civil War that until a few years ago South Carolina children were taught simultaneously to love God and hate Sherman.

The state's hates, indeed, have always tended towards intemperance. Thus, in South Carolina the Ku Klux Klan rapidly gained a state-wide grip. After the Civil War, the Red Shirts, another well-bred but violent organization, also came into being. Both bodies aimed at suppressing the Negro and repressing the "poor white trash." In the face of a Radical challenge in

the seventies, the Red-shirted gentlemen rode furiously hither and yon to save the state for the Democrats. (One gallant rider confessed to having voted forty times.) But the defeated Radicals clung to office and South Carolina, setting a precedent for a sister state, suffered two governors and two governments until President Hayes finally ordered the Federal troops out in 1877. Whereupon South Carolina resentfully went Democratic — seemingly forever.

The Red Shirts have long since departed from the scene, but the Klan has proved hardier. While the state's lawmakers went about officially disfranchising the Negro in the Legislature, the Klan unofficially backed it up outside. The Negro in South Carolina remained a voteless citizen until last year when, under a ruling of the State Supreme Court, he voted in the Democratic primary elections for the first time.

Yet the Negro has been an integral part of the state since its very first days. Three Negroes were in the initial shipload of English colonists in 1670. Indeed, until relatively recently, Negroes outnumbered whites in South Carolina. Today the Negro is better off than he was in *antebellum* days — but not as much as the passage of time might lead one to suppose. His schools are improved and his earnings are higher, but his home in

many cases is little better fitted for habitation, and he still finds it difficult (if not dangerous) to assert his political rights.

By and large, the white folks take less pride in such material advancement than in the old attitude of patrician benevolence. Thus a South Carolinian wrote not long ago of Ellen, a Negro maid who had served the Montgomerys for more than forty years: "When she died her body was not carried to a funeral parlor but to the exquisite drawing room of the house she had cared for so long. Serene in her gray casket in front of the long mirror, Ellen received her friends, both black and white, for the last time."

II

Politically, South Carolina remains a one-party state and, as a rule, will blindly vote the Democratic ticket. But the label "Democratic" as applied here is somewhat misleading unless preceded by the term "Tory." In recent years, voters have tended to take the Democratic bit in their teeth. First to discover this was President Franklin Roosevelt, when he tried to purge the egregious Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith in 1938.

Since then, the state's Democratic machine has become more and more centrifugal. In 1944 it tried to bolt the Democratic ticket, and last year

it finally succeeded in doing so by running its own Governor, J. Strom Thurmond, as a States' Rights candidate. Thurmond went down, but with his South Carolina colors flying gallantly. To date, neither South Carolina's Governor nor its Senators — Burnet R. Maybank and Olin D. Johnston — have shown any desire to beg forgiveness of the Administration.

To the South Carolinian a field of white cotton blossoms or broad tobacco leaves may not be the most beautiful sight on earth, but it is by long odds the most familiar. From its rich black soil also come grain and rice, vegetables and luscious fruits, much of it destined for Northern tables. Soil conservation and crop rotation are renewing exhausted farmlands, and many farmers are turning to beef, pork and poultry.

Nevertheless, the state's industries have now outstripped its agriculture. Its factories already produce double the cash output of its farms. Primarily, this is due to industry's steady southward shift, since it is more profitable to process Southern cotton in the South. (South Carolina rates first among the states in cotton manufactures.) Actually, the state has been manufacturing textiles ever since Scotch and Irish settlers began making choice linen two centuries ago.

Labor is, if anything, less assertive in South Carolina than elsewhere in

the South. This is probably a consequence of the state's own conservatism, and of its rigid color line. The fact remains that, although its first union was formed by carpenters and bricklayers in Charleston in 1783, and its first strike was staged by bakers in 1786, labor in South Carolina remained more or less quiescent and unorganized until the American Federation of Labor stepped in about 1901. Indeed, child labor was not abolished until 1937. The unions are now gaining slowly in strength, but there have been remarkably few strikes in the state — which is doubtless one of its attractions for industry.

Today the earning power of its workers is among the lowest of any state in the union, while at the same time its percentage of families on public relief is among the highest. Thus the classic conditions for unionization are amply present — but then they have been, without appreciable result, for a long time.

III

In education, too, South Carolina appears to have slipped back badly after a good start. The first settlers had schooling as well as grace, and few of their early documents were signed with the cross, mark of the illiterate. Yet after the Civil War, the cross mark became so common as to brand South Carolina the most

illiterate of the states, a questionable distinction it still retains.

Today its urban public school system is fully adequate, but in the rural districts too many South Carolinians, white and black, are still unable to read or write. The most persistent foe of illiteracy is Dr. Wil Lou Gray, who for twenty-five years has been trying to bring learning to the ignorant, first as supervisor of adult schools and currently as director of the state-controlled Opportunity School.

South Carolina College, now the University of South Carolina, was chartered in 1801 in the hope that its central situation would help bind the upper and lower parts of the state. This it has largely succeeded in doing. Its colonial library, which houses historic documents under the heading Caroliniana, was actually the first library building in the country.

In addition to its six state colleges, South Carolina has a number of denominational colleges founded because parents feared the "heretical teachings" of state institutions. Fifteen of these are for white students, four for Negroes. The junior colleges are split, four for whites, nine for Negroes.

Sometimes the visitor wonders just how far education goes in South Carolina. Probably no state in the union lends greater ear to ancient super-

stitutions. For reasons now forgotten, folks will loosen a button when a funeral passes, heat a poker to still a screech-owl's cries, smile when picking up a pin, or worry after dreaming of muddy water. And this goes for both sides of the color line.

IV

The face of the state is, on the whole, its most prepossessing attribute. It might be called a genteel landscape, adorned by some of the loveliest gardens in the country. John Galsworthy once fell under the spell of its flowering magnolias, which are matched in the spring by blazing azaleas, camellias, dogwood and yellow jasmine. Legend has it that it took a hundred slaves ten years to create the twin butterfly lakes and formal perfection of Charleston's Middleton Place Gardens.

Regrettably, the homes that stand inside these gardens are often just as massive a monument to bad taste. For every stately colonial mansion, there are numbers of drafty Victorian piles encrusted with filagree gingerbread. Citizens of South Carolina prefer to point to their fine capitol building and their many admirable churches (some the work of Robert Mills, a native architect), but there is an understandable reluctance to discuss the tumbledown Negro shacks or the shabby millhouse slums.

Charleston, with a population of 100,000, is the state's bustling port, but Columbia, the capital, is where South Carolina's distinctive contribution to Southern culture may best be observed. Here is the bookshop of Joseph Gittman, who over a period of years has successfully nurtured an atmosphere both creative and cultivated. Each morning at ten a chosen group of writers, artists, professors and others, meets in the shop for coffee and intelligent conversation. Round the walls are portraits by Charles Mason Crowson. Shelves overflow with rare editions, set off by contemporary South Carolina authors like Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward, Josephine Pinckney and Robert Molloy. One of the group may talk tolerantly of the new Octavus Roy Cohen, another may gloat over a bargain in an Alice R. Huger Smith water color, or a third may display a new textile design by Anne Heyward Taylor.

On the other hand, some of the customary externals of culture are notably absent. The Gibbes Art Gallery, for instance, is the only one in the state, but then South Carolinians prefer to believe that their finest art is in private homes. Some of their public places, like the Brookgreen Gardens presented to the state by Archer M. Huntington, boast an admirable collection of sculpture, and

certainly much of Charleston's early silver — even the wrought-ironwork of its old estates — can legitimately be dubbed art.

Organized music in the state is in poor shape, although its Negroes would just as soon sing as talk. Some of the most moving spirituals were born here, yet South Carolina possesses no major symphony orchestra and has to depend on periodic music festivals for concerts. In the same way, although Charleston's Dock Theatre, opened in 1736, was the first building in America devoted entirely to drama, the only plays presented now are occasional bills by stock companies or amateur shows in the civic theatres.

These lacunae in cultural fields have not noticeably disturbed the equanimity of South Carolinians. At that, most of them would probably claim that the state's most artistic achievement lies in its cooking. Its dish of turnip greens and string beans, for

example, seasoned with bacon ("a streak of fat and a streak of lean") and accompanied by cornbread, is a conversation piece. Okra soup, chicken or shrimp pilau, liver pudding and deviled crabs, are items Lucullus would remember. This writer will settle for Charlotte russe and fruit cake, served with coffee and topped with swirls of whipped cream.

Perhaps it might be more correct to call South Carolina's cooking a reflection of her way of life. The state may not recently have produced many philosophers, scientists or towering statesmen, but it has fashioned a way of life with a charm no other state can surpass. In this, South Carolinians like to believe, lies their real contribution to American civilization. The belief prompts their subtle, if sometimes misunderstood, attitude of superiority. Their state, they freely concede, may not lead, but at least it knows how to live.

JANUARY TWENTIETH

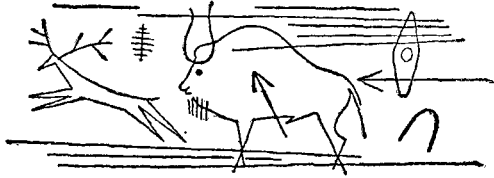
BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

This is that strange Saint Agnes Eve
Of wind and sleet and wicked weather,
When fire and phrases weave together
An ancient tale we half believe.

Outside, the stinging ice-wind beats
Against our panes; it sets the stage
Where dark words stride across a page
Spreading a feast with young John Keats.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



NATURALIST'S PROGRESS

IN THE development of a naturalist there are three stages. Similar stages undoubtedly occur in the pursuit of any other sort of professional knowledge — medicine, the law, political science, or whatever — and there is an analogous development-pattern in the pursuit of the arts of music and painting and literature. In the case of a naturalist the three stages go like this:

In the first stage, a naturalist is all wonder and spontaneous responsiveness and simplicity. He looks out upon this fabulous world in which he finds himself — this enchanting, this ensorcerizing, this incredible world which contains such eerie actualities as bats and such stunning daily grandeurs as the rising of the sun — and he is all assent and innocence. If it is told to him that there are sea-serpents in the ocean, or that snakes

swallow their young to protect them, or that dogs howl when a death impends, he believes these things instantly and easily. He “swallows” them, as we say; for he is smitten with wonder and his mouth is open. Why not? Are these things, in the initial amazement of innocence, any queerer than the improbable link between the tides and the moon, or any wilder than the fact that birds annually migrate thousands of miles from one exact dooryard to another exact dooryard? All the world is a wonder. A young naturalist gapes and gawks at it, struck to the heart with the piercing astonishingness of the thing, and he is a ready vessel for indiscriminate acceptance. He says a large and universal Credo; he is all eagerness to hear and give assent.

That is the first stage. It has its absurdity, and likewise pathos. Learning the knowledge of the difference between good and evil traditionally gave a fearsome time to our first

ancestors, who had previously reposed in a complete acquiescence; and learning the knowledge of what is true and what is untrue about natural history can give a bad time to a young naturalist for a while. But he gets over the shock of having to modify his first mood of enormous assent; and he slides presently into the grand bump-tiousness of Stage Two.

In this stage he has become a reader of works of science; he has taken some courses in biology, and perhaps has bought himself a microscope and a telescope and this and that; and he has learned a deal of technical jargon which enables him to talk in a way gratifyingly incomprehensible to an honest garbage-man or a Supreme Court justice. He has found out that a great many of the things believed unquestioningly by laymen are not true. The sea-serpent is a myth. Research science has failed to show that dogs dependably howl, even in Ireland or the Deep South, when a death impends. The popular use of the term "bugs" to mean insects is a scientific hideosity, "bugs" in fact being only one very special and relatively small portion of the insect kingdom. And so on, and on and on. The naturalist is now puffed with omniscience. He can look at any given assertion about the natural world and say instantly, with a terrible authority, True or False. What he mostly says, of course,

is "False!", for it has become his pride and specialty to debunk superstition and mortify the ignorant. He is now as learned, in his naturalist's way, as is the lawyer who has just got his diploma back from the frame-shop, ready to hang on his wall, or the physician who has just put the last screw in his name-plate, or the Art School graduate who has just got his first paper published, proving conclusively that no painting worth mentioning was done before Picasso. There is no holding him. He knows everything.

Stage Two is a pretty wonderful time. Naturalists who die young may never have experienced anything beyond it. They are perhaps to be envied. They die in the odor of certainty. But, death not intervening, and/or an arrest of the intellect not setting in, there must presently come upon a naturalist a gradual progression into the third of this career's stages. I do not know how better to indicate its quality than in some such way as this: The mood-word of the first stage is Yes! The mood-word of the second stage is No! The mood-word of the third stage is Hmmmmm.

Do camels store water in their humps? Any stage-one naturalist could say in an instant, with shining eyes, that of course they do. He has a vivid picture in his mind of the hollow water-tank inside the hump; he treas-

ures the camel's water-tank as he treasures the fact that spiders go parachuting and the fact that trees breathe. Do camels store water in their humps? Any stage-two naturalist can say in an instant, with a thin curve of supercilious smile, that of course they don't. He knows quite well — he has read it in an authoritative book, by someone with Sc.D. after his name — that there is no tank inside the hump at all. Do camels store water in their humps? A stage-three naturalist, if he has got around to dissecting camels, or at any rate to keeping up with the latest findings of those who have, knows that (a) there is no water tank; and (b) the hump does nevertheless store a large water-reserve in its fleshy tissues, as do also the camel's stomach-pouches and other body tissues; and (c) the mechanism of all this is still quite imperfectly understood, and further investigation may bring surprises; and the only comment he can really bring himself to make upon the question is a very thoughtful, very cautious Hmmmmm.

II

It is not necessary to turn to such remote and curious beasts as camels to find illustrations of what an uncertain and unfinished thing the lore of natural history is, or how the views of science shift and change in even a

short lifetime, or how precarious a thing is presumption and how likely to lead to a fall. Do our own native panthers (pumas, cougars, mountain lions) emit blood-curdling screams? Back when I was a stage-one naturalist, I knew they did. Those screams were part of the primitive mystery and terror of the great Western night. They rang in the ears of my imagination as the howls of the wolves rang, as they pursued the fleeing sledge across the wastes of the frozen North. Along in Stage Two, however, I read a learned book — (oh how thronged with books is this stage, how devout the belief in the printed word, how holier than a miraculous medal the authority of a scientific degree!) — and I found that they didn't. It was about ten years ago that I was standing in front of the cougar-cage in a zoo in a September gloaming, peering into one of the great cats' faces, when it emitted a scream as of all the women in the county being simultaneously dragged by their hair and having their throats cut. Do wild cougars customarily emit screams in the dusk? I chew on my lip a little, and say, well, yes and no. Or, I am not certain, of my own knowledge. Or, likeliest, just Hmmmmm.

Does an elephant drink through its trunk? I once knew the answer was yes. Later, I knew it was no. And now, fumbling my way cautiously along

and clearing my throat, I have to ask: Exactly how old is this elephant? For I have talked with too many mahouts and trainers and zoological curators, since the days when I believed all wonders, and since the later days when I had debunked them all. A very young elephant, suckling, drinks its milk through its mouth and does not use its trunk at all. A somewhat older elephant has learned to drink water by huffing it up into its trunk and then squirting it into its mouth; but it still takes its milk by mouth, and never puts trunk to teat. Wholly weaned, it does all its drinking by filling its trunk and then squirting the contents into its mouth; it does no direct mouth-drinking at all. Or so the trainers and curators and big-game people tell me. Myself, I am sure — dead-positive sure — of what the beasts do that come directly under my own eye, here in the soil and brook and woods of the acres that are my own living laboratory. But there are no elephants among them. So I can only pass on what others tell me; and I pass on such information always with the addendum: HmMMMM.

Can a porcupine throw its quills? Are pigs immune to snake-bite? Does a frightened mother woodcock pick up her babies between her thighs and fly off to safety with them? Does any bird carry its young in its bill? About

the very littlest of our Eastern mammals, now, the common short-tailed shrew . . . is its bite poisonous? These questions — there are scores and scores of others like them — raise for any naturalist past thirty-five or so a glorious throng of memories of Certainties Gone Wrong, controversies resolved from yes-&-no to It Depends, hot belief and hot disbelief simmered-down to a cool HmMMMM. Porcupines cannot *eject* their quills. The “authorities” of my youth were right in that. But can a porcupine, lashing its tail, *throw* a quill? I have had one through my hat at ten paces. The woodcock performance is rare to see; but does it happen? It does. And the duck called a hooded merganser does sometimes carry its young in its bill. (Or *I think* it does; I have never seen that happen; but respected ornithologists now claim it, and the mood has changed from the days when the majestic entity called Science was all in a universal Stage Two certainty that the allegation was preposterous.) Are pigs immune to snake-bite? It is the fact that they are often bitten; it is the fact that they rarely die or even suffer any ill effect. I checked all this back in the days of Stage Two. I was a fine iron-minded scientist in those days, qualmless as any doctor of the period who knew that appendicitis came from swallowing fruit-seeds. It was not until I had

been wandering for some years into deepening stage-three dubieties that I came across the hog-researches indicating that the facts about pigs and snake-bite, though true enough, may be as misinforming as an orange-pip in a caecum. Pigs aren't immune. They are just fat. Venom injected into the protective mass of blubber that enwraps a hog is absorbed so slowly that it has no serious effect.

Perhaps what has happened in the matter of shrews is my favorite. Lay ignoramuses — farmers and such — had been saying for ages that a shrew-bite was poisonous. Not merely infective and dangerous, as any animal bite may be, but actually venomous, toxic, in the manner of the bite of a poisonous snake or a spider. Mani-

festly, it is absurd that this little mouse-like mammal should have any such queer equipment. It is fantastic. None knew better than I, in the long-ago of Biology I, what simpletons country people are, and what a proud thing it is to be ranged with the little company of enlightened scientists in such a matter as this preposterous superstition about shrews. A while ago a couple of biologists — as in a whimsical experiment on a hot day, with nothing more serious to do — tried injecting shrew-spit into rabbits. The rabbits keeled over, twitched briefly, and died. I have not kept up with the latest scientific papers giving analyses of the shrew-poison. But it seems not immoderate to remark, at any rate, Hmmmmmm.

MUSIC

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

The war dance or the symphony:
Music is some insistent plea
You cannot hear impartially.

Music demands imperiously
"Be what I am along with me"
And you must answer, whether it be

An elegie, a lover's dream,
A waltz or the slim quicksilver gleam
Of singing in a woodland stream.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT SNAKE BITES

BY CHARLES A. GAULD & MICHAEL SCULLY

ON THAT dark winter morning in 1916 it was hard to see the mottled shapes on the gray floors of the snake house in New York's Bronx Zoo. And perhaps the routine of his job had dulled John Toomey's caution. As he pushed his cleaning tool into a cage, a big Texas rattler struck from the shadows. Toomey screamed as the fangs hooked deep into his hand.

Other keepers quickly applied first aid while, with the only antidote available, anti-venin crystals, Curator Raymond Ditmars worked deftly but dubiously. The crystals had to be boiled to make a serum — a loss of 45 minutes. Moreover, Ditmars had often seen them prove futile.

It was so with Toomey; the injection failed to take effect. As the swelling mounted, the man, racked by nausea, seemed to face death.

Then sheer luck intervened. A visitor in Ditmars' office mentioned

that just the day before he had met the only man in the world who might save this life. Ditmars grabbed the phone. An hour later, a stocky Brazilian walked into the hospital room where Toomey lay writhing. "What type was the snake?" he asked. Told it was a rattler, he selected a vial from his bag, drew its liquid into a syringe and jabbed a needle into Toomey's chest. Within two hours, the man was out of danger.

Later, when Toomey voiced his gratitude, the Brazilian chuckled. "I'm indebted to *you*," he confided. "You were the man I was looking for."

For years, in a bare little laboratory at São Paulo, this oddly named Brazilian, Dr. Vital Brazil, had labored to supplant the crude serum then in use. First, he traced its failures to the assumption that all snake poison was of one type. Then, from thousands of snakes, he isolated three groups, for each of which a specific anti-venin

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was necessary. Having perfected and proved his serums, he had come to the United States to put his findings before the Pan-American Scientific Congress. But he expected no such opportunity for a convincing demonstration. Soon after the press made world news of Toomey's dramatic recovery, Brazil's processes were adopted by laboratories everywhere.

II

Around the world today, hundreds of thousands of people owe their lives to Dr. Brazil. In his own country, 20,000 are bitten by venomous snakes annually, in India nearly 100,000. The proportion in the United States is much smaller, not because we have fewer snakes, but because many more of us wear shoes and live in cities. Without specific anti-venins one fourth of those bitten would die. But immediate first-aid treatment combined with the proper serum will save all but a small percentage.

The little laboratory at São Paulo, in the southern part of Brazil, has grown into the world's No. 1 snake serum center and a mecca for students of reptile life. Now known as Butantan Institute, its 40 buildings house a staff of 368. Human fascination with snakes has made it Brazil's greatest tourist magnet. In a record month, 13,870 visitors have come to see the Institute's thousands of captive

snakes, basking, squirming, swimming in an encircling moat, festooning trees, gliding in and out of dome-shaped concrete shelters.

Not all are venomous. In fact, only about one third of some two thousand known varieties of snakes have poison sacs. To demonstrate that many are useful to man, the institute breeds and distributes the lightning-fast *mussurana*, a very shiny black snake that is treated like a prized hunting dog on hundreds of backwoods farms. A Butantan keeper shows why, by pitting a *mussurana* against its favorite enemy, the deadly and prolific *jararaca*. The *mussurana*, immune to the other's poison, whips its coils around the foe and begins a relentless strangulation. Finally, with a flash, its jaws close over the *jararaca*'s head. As the audience gapes, the *mussurana* complacently swallows its opponent.

But four fifths of Butantan's snakes are poison-producers. Smallest is the coral snake, a beautiful creature of black, red and yellow bands. It will not bite unless touched. But when it breaks the victim's skin, the poison races through the nervous system, bringing quick prostration and often death through paralysis of the breathing muscles. At the other extreme is the bushmaster, largest of the viper group that includes rattlers, moccasins and copperheads. At its

full growth of twelve feet, it is the most lethal crawling thing in the Americas, packing enough venom to kill 100 men. Its poison attacks the victim's blood, breaking down corpuscles and finally eating through the veins until internal hemorrhages bring death.

The keepers treat their collections of gliding death like so many herds of cows. At intervals each serpent is "milked." Spectators watch with fascinated apprehension as handlers grasp a snake deftly behind the head, then press the poison glands slowly until the venom drops from its bared fangs into a glass dish. So practiced are the handlers that snake-bite is rare.

The second step in serum-making is to inject a horse — Butantan keeps 140 — with a tiny dose of venom. Larger injections follow periodically until the animal is immune and becomes a blood-donor. The serum then is extracted from the blood.

Poisonous snakes are never fed — some won't eat in captivity — despite which they average six months of life in the pits. The supply is maintained by farmers who send in serpents in exchange for serum. Half of the serum is distributed in the state of São Paulo, which supports the institute; the remainder is sold throughout Brazil and in many countries of the civilized world.

III

Visitors seldom see farther than Butantan's snake pits. Few know the story of how one man's scientific vision built the institute from a cageful of serpents housed in a barn, into South America's largest producer of serums and vaccines to combat typhoid, smallpox, diphtheria, tetanus, bubonic plague, insect poisoning, and a dozen other scourges.

The rugged old gentleman responsible for all this is himself a Brazilian institution. At 84, Dr. Vital Brazil now lives quietly on his *fazenda* in the mountains west of Rio de Janeiro. Quietly, that is, except for family occasions when 16 children, 33 grandchildren, and scores of other relatives give the place the aspect of a popular resort. There he can look back on a life story that is taught in Brazil's schools as proof that a child of the humblest origins can reach eminence.

His start in life was unique. The family name was Santos Pereira, but his backwoods village father insisted that every child should build his own life without even the prop of an inherited name. Thus, his first son became Vital, for the force of life, Brazil, for his country. Others were named for a village, a valley, a state. Although this independent thinker never made more than a bare liveli-

hood, he imbued the boy with a faith in himself that became invaluable.

An American missionary, detecting promise in this family of many names, induced the father to move to the growing city of São Paulo. There Vital worked for his tuition at the Presbyterian school, Colégio Morton, and from the missionaries learned a lesson that fixed his course in life: that the happiest men seemed to be those who were helping others.

Upon graduation, he went to Rio to study medicine. His only assets were a handful of introductions that might lead to a job. But he only presented the first of those. When its recipient received him coldly, the boy's pride flared. "I decided," he recalls now, "to depend on what I knew, not whom I knew." He tore up the remaining letters and found work as helper on a street car. For six years he did a man's work outside of the classrooms and still kept his marks so high that he was a medical school instructor before graduation.

Characteristically, he chose public health work instead of a more profitable private practice. Brazil's coastal cities in the 1890s were swept by yellow fever, smallpox and bubonic plague, while the chronic scourge of malaria was accepted as normal. Few physicians deliberately sought work in the epidemics, but the two who did are the monumental figures of Bra-

zilian medicine today. One was Vital Brazil, the other his older friend, Oswaldo Cruz, whose dynamic leadership finally rid Rio of yellow fever in 1905.

IV

In those early years, Vital Brazil showed his tenacity of life. Twice he recovered from yellow fever. Then he was stricken by bubonic plague. A victim's chances were so slight that one newspaper reported his death. But he pulled through to become the key man in a successful fight to drive out the plague by reproducing and improving a serum developed in France.

It was for this purpose that the state of São Paulo set up his small laboratory on a farm called Butantan. But with the plague conquered, Vital had become so excited over the possibilities of other serums that he induced officials to let him continue his researches. He studied the work of Albert Calmette, the French biologist who had produced an anti-snake-bite serum in Indo-China, and realized that here was an undeveloped field. In Brazil snakes were taking nearly 5000 human lives a year, and deaths among livestock were five times as great. But he soon found that Calmette's remedy, made from the neurotoxic venom of cobras, was effective only against coral snakes — the only mem-

bers of the cobra group in the Americas. This discovery led to the development of a specific serum to combat *Crotalus* snakes — bushmaster, rattler, moccasin and other vipers — another for use against the singular poison of the *fer-de-lance*, and finally an all-purpose antidote usually effective even though the attacker was unidentified.

He soon realized that producing serums was not enough. Most rural Brazilians, illiterate and suspicious of innovations, were more willing to trust a witch-doctor's incantations than his vicious-looking needles. To win them over, he would take an aged, worthless cow into a snake-infested area; then incite a *jararaca* to bite the animal. When the beast lay prostrate, he made his injection. The recovery of the cow always left a group of converts to this new needle-magic.

Popularization of the snake-bite cure paved the way for the acceptance of vaccines and serums to fight other diseases, and Butantan grew into a unique medical mission for the entire state. Among its most important services today is providing free diphtheria vaccine for every São Paulo school.

As his stature grew, Vital Brazil became a force outside of the medical field. In pamphlets and speeches he has addressed one lifelong argument

to his country: "Medicine alone cannot make this a healthy, happy nation. Diseases have their roots in mass ignorance. To conquer them, we must build schools along with hospitals, train teachers as well as nurses, and so create a public that understands that sanitation and hygiene, not drugs, are the foundations of national health and prosperity." The spread of rural schools has been due in large measure to his influence.

By 1919, his reputation was such that the state of Rio de Janeiro subsidized a biological research center across the bay from the city of Rio, which it called Instituto Vital Brazil. Until an illness forced him to leave Butantan to younger men, he directed both institutions, and he was 75 before he gave up the daily administration of the Rio laboratories.

While the augmenting the work of Butantan to save human life, the Rio institute also opened a new field of service with a department of veterinary medicines. Its hog cholera serum alone has saved fortunes for farmers. On a demonstration farm and by mail, it instructs breeders in the treatment of animal diseases. Together, the two institutions have been a major factor in raising Brazil's health and economic level during the past generation.

On the staffs of these two centers

and scattered over Brazil there are today at least a hundred younger men trained by Vital Brazil as biochemists, bacteriologists and researchers in other fields. Three are his sons: Oswaldo, who now directs the Rio laboratories, Ruy and Enos. Two other sons are medical students. A sixth, Dr. Vital Brazil, Jr., died of a virus infection contracted during research. Another disciple, Dr. Eduardo Vaz, heads Butantan.

Occasionally, one of these, visiting his mountain retreat, dwells too long on the old man's achievements. Then Vital Brazil raises his leonine head and rumbles: "You can't look over your shoulder and move forward. We've beaten some big problems since 1900, yes — yellow fever, bubonic, small pox, many poisons. But the important

thing is to keep your eyes ahead."

His insistence that the vast Amazon basin hides countless medical secrets has encouraged Oswaldo to extensive experimentation with jungle plants. One discovery is that the vegetable poison, *curare*, used by Indians on arrow tips, has valuable anesthetic properties. At his urging, the Rio laboratories have been working for years to conquer *aftosa*, the hoof-and-mouth disease that scourges cattle from Argentina to Mexico and is a constant threat to our own ranges. Butantan's new sulfa drug laboratory, under Dr. Vaz, has produced valuable medicaments for leprosy.

Through his works, sons and disciples, Vital Brazil promises to remain a vital influence on the life of Brazil for many years to come.

EVE'S DAUGHTER

BY HANNAH KAHN

When my eyes turn skyward,
I am aware that I
See the moon that Adam saw
Lighting up the sky.

When my eyes turn downward,
And measure fields of grass,
I am mindful then that Eve
Saw each season pass.

But when my eyes turn inward
Then I truly know
That what I am and what I feel
Happened long ago.

THE LIBRARY



DOSTOYEVSKY AS JOURNALIST

by IRVING HOWE

NEITHER by temperament nor training was Feodor Dostoyevsky fit for journalism. The qualities one usually associates with the journalist — an impersonal conciseness, an ability to marshal and order facts, and a willingness to let those facts rest, not to burrow into their possible inner meanings — were hardly conspicuous in Dostoyevsky's literary personality. From his earliest years, he had been seized by the claws of the modern chaos, and in the hope of finding a new health through the catharsis of disease he had sacrificially exposed himself to the consequences of that chaos. Such a man, while conceivable as a prophet or revolutionist or artist, is hardly the sort one would imagine as the working editor of a topical journal.

Yet at the age of 51, when he was already quite famous as the author of *Crime and Punishment*, Dostoyevsky decided to become an editor. When a dim-witted reactionary aristocrat, Prince Meshchersky, offered him the editorship of *The Citizen* at 250 rubles a month, Dostoyevsky took the post. Why, at the peak of his creative powers, he permitted himself to be diverted to a chore he despised, it would now be difficult to say. He had an urge to preach to his contemporaries, he burned with Messianic Slavophilism, his psychic imbalance drove him to constant exercises in oral athleticism, he badly needed money — all true but none sufficient. The difficulty in citing motives for Dostoyevsky's behavior is not that they are likely to be untrue, but that they are likely, even in their sum, to be insufficient. In his life, as in his mind, nothing was unilinear, nothing orderly — and so, with a characteris-

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tic readiness to fall into experiences alien to his nature, he became an editor.

It was a beastly job: churning out copy for his column, "The Diary of a Writer," polishing up the stupid and illiterate articles of his publisher, quarreling with printers and censors, sweating over proofs on steamy summer nights. His articles were badly written, painfully long-winded, sententious, alternately brutal and sentimental, hysterical and drab; but even at their very worst they retain the peculiar Dostoyevskian tone — the tone of *prophetic compulsion*, of sainted neuroticism.

After working for a year on *The Citizen*, Dostoyevsky quit his job, but in 1876 he launched his own journal, *The Diary*, which was written entirely by himself and appeared irregularly until shortly before his death in 1881. His contributions to the two magazines have now been collected in two volumes under the somewhat misleading title, *The Diary of a Writer* [\$12.50, Scribners], the first complete English version.

II

The dominating formal theme of these articles is Dostoyevsky's conception of Russian destiny. Everything characteristically Russian, he believed, "everything that is ours, preeminently national (and therefore,

everything genuinely artistic) — is unintelligible to Europe." In his mind Russia was inseparable from the Orthodox church, which he took to be the sole unsullied and unbureaucratized vessel of Christianity. "Isn't there in Orthodoxy alone both the truth and the salvation of the Russian people, and — in the forthcoming centuries — of mankind as a whole? Hasn't there been preserved in Orthodoxy alone, in all its purity, the Divine image of Christ?" Moaning over the oppression of the Slavs by the Turks, he wrote with apparently unhesitant conviction that Tsarist Russia would prove the liberator of the Slavs. Ergo: "sooner or later, Constantinople must be ours."

To buttress his mystical faith in Russian destiny and his quite unmystical devotion to the political ambitions of Tsarist Russia, Dostoyevsky developed a theory of national character that is a striking anticipation of a whole strand of twentieth-century thought. "Every great people believes, and must believe if it intends to live long, that in it alone resides the salvation of the world; that it lives in order to stand at the head of the nations . . ."

An extraordinary paradox: the writer whose central aesthetic image is Christ turning the other cheek shouts for the imperialist conquest of Constantinople; the almost craven

apostle of absolute love and humility justifies the domination of the weak by the strong. This, alas, is part of the truth about Dostoyevsky, though not all of it; the great writer who trembles for the slightest pain of the slightest living creature can also be a coarse and brutal reactionary.

For there *was* something coarse and brutal in Dostoyevsky. He knew it perfectly well; hence his desperate straining for love and humility. The love-seeker or the God-hunter is particularly vulnerable to hysteria and self-torment if he inwardly suspects that he seldom experiences true love, if he does not really accept God and secretly rejoices only in his own ego. That is a central ambivalence of neurotic character — one is almost tempted to say of modern character; and it is nowhere more spectacularly illustrated than in Dostoyevsky, whose spiritual imago was the gentle saint Alyosha Karamazov, but whose actual life was tainted by the sensation-lust of Dmitri Karamazov and the nihilistic wish for self-destruction of Prince Stavrogin.

Dostoyevsky was frightened by his vision of humanity's capacity for evil — not the rather thin "metaphysical" evil that has recently worried amateur moralists, but the very practical and "tangible" evil of common experience. Are not, in fact, all of his novels screams of warning: look

at what man can do! look at the corruption into which he can sink once he discards Christian morality! Today, in the middle of the twentieth century, even those of us indifferent to theories of "original sin" or "in-eradicable guilt" must acknowledge the substantiality of Dostoyevsky's vision of evil.

At least in part, Dostoyevsky's politics is a function of his psychology, that is, of his struggle to heal his internal moral fissure and of his recoil from the depths he found in all men. (In fact, his politics is so reft with contradictions and so disordered by the intrusion of non-political categories that there is little point to discussing it as an independent system; its major significance is as a refraction of a great artist's struggle to relate himself to his world.) Dostoyevsky dreaded the power of intellect unmoored, the faithless drifting he so marvelously portrayed in Ivan Karamazov; he feared that the intellectual, loosed from the controls of Christianity and alienated from the heart-warmth of the Russian people, would feel free to commit the most monstrous acts in order to quench his vanity. For, argued Dostoyevsky, once man is free from his responsibility to God, what limits can there be to his arrogance? — an argument that might be more convincing if there were historical evidence that

believers *as a group* have been conspicuously less arrogant and more humane than heretics. But even if one does not accept his argument, one must acknowledge the validity of Dostoyevsky's portrait of the era in which faith has been lost.

Though a tendentious moralist, Dostoyevsky was a completely honest novelist, and in his novels he could not help but show that while the will to faith may be strong in the intellectual, that will is unable to ripen into the peace of faith itself. Consequently, the God-seekers are men peculiarly driven by anguish: the more serious their quest for God, the more must they acknowledge the distance still separating them from Him. And since their quest is partly motored by an intense distaste for the commercial values of modern life, they often find themselves in unpremeditated opposition to official society. Their ideas, it is true, have nothing in common with socialist doctrine, but their values entice them into uneasy kinship with the critical aspects of that doctrine.

Yet they cannot accept socialism as a hope for the future. Dostoyevsky despised it as wretchedly "scientific," that is, as tied to the Enlightenment which he saw as the source of rationalistic atheism; he rejected it also because he feared it would mean a bartering of man's freedom for a piece of

bread. No political system which claimed that human salvation could be reached within secular limits could have been acceptable to Dostoyevsky, and in a sense the critic R. P. Blackmur is right when he says that Dostoyevsky's politics were those of a man "whose way of dealing with life rested on a fundamental belief that a true rebirth, a great conversion, can come only after a great sin." But Blackmur's observation is true only in part; a dialectical counter-term is still to be supplied.

Dostoyevsky's politics were, indeed, as Blackmur says, "non-social" and hence apocalyptic, but they were also tinged with his intense fascination for the social politics of the Russian revolutionary movements of his day. Though he despised the ideas of those movements, his mind had been soaked in the immediate atmospheres that nurtured them, and consequently his intellectual divergence from them was less significant than his temperamental affinity with them. Dismayed by the present, and disdainful of those who claimed to speak for the future, Dostoyevsky had but one recourse — to construct an idyllic version of the past. That idyllic past, remnants of which he found in nineteenth-century Russia, was the communal life of the Russian peasant. (He *had* to find remnants in nineteenth-century Russia; otherwise, his notion of the peasant

would not have seemed to him as magnificent as it did in fact seem.) The peasant's greatness of soul was based on his "craving for suffering, perpetual and unquenchable suffering," and this greatness, Dostoyevsky insisted, had flourished best before Russia had been corroded by Western thought. That Dostoyevsky knew perfectly well how debased and ignorant the peasant actually was, that Dostoyevsky was himself totally urban and plebeian merely aggravated the tensions his ideas produced in his psychic economy.

III

The peasant, Dostoyevsky said, was rooted in both the soil and a strong national-religious tradition, the two sustaining each other; the peasant kept before him "the Divine image of Christ"; the peasant was not tortured by doubt, and hence even when he sinned he at least knew whom to beg for forgiveness. This was the source of his possible greatness of character, and only in its warming circle could the intellectual find peace and purpose.

Now it should be recognized that Dostoyevsky's peasant was as much a figure of idealization as the proletarian of the cruder Marxists, that his ideal Russia had about the same relation to reality as T. S. Eliot's "idea of a Christian society" has to any of the existing Christian States. Dostoyev-

sky's Russia was a desperate "projection backwards," in which the Russian orthodox creed was wrenched to enclose in it the utopian vision of the Westernized Russian intellectuals with whom Dostoyevsky had associated. At the same time, it must be recognized that such a "projection backward," while it may be the premise for the most acute criticism of the present, can easily lend itself to unsavory purposes. Between Dostoyevsky and the journalist agents of the Tsar there was literally a world of difference — the difference, at the very least, between a mind in struggle and minds bought. But it is the tragedy of a reactionary position such as Dostoyevsky's that it can easily be prodded into serving the society it despises. A confusion or blurring takes place in the writer's mind — between the ideal and the actual Russia, the ideal and the actual peasant. Thus, the Dostoyevsky who ached for love could also find a strange pleasure in writing like the worst chauvinist: "Lasting peace always generates cruelty, cowardice and coarse, fat egoism." The saint could also be a bit of a bully.

Yet the "other" Dostoyevsky appears in these articles, too. When the censors objected to one of his pieces, he went to jail; when his publisher suggested that students be housed in barracks so that the government

could spy on them, he repudiated the proposal with horror. In his novels, where the seething "doubleness" of his values breaks through the crust of his formal ideas, Dostoyevsky seems more interested in those who think of assassinating the Tsar than in the Tsar himself. For even while he drags his reluctant soul to the mounts of Godliness, he is tempted by voices from the valleys of heresy.

This is the psychological basis for Dostoyevsky's politics, or more accurately the psychological substance of his politics, for without the psychology there would not be much politics left. As the critic Philip Rahv has acutely written:

Dostoyevsky, despite the commitment of his will to reactionary principles, was at bottom so deeply involved in the spiritual and social radicalism of the Russian intelligentsia that he could not help attempting to break through the inner rigidity of the orthodox tradition toward a dynamic idea of salvation; and in a certain sense what this idea came to is little more than an anarcho-Christian version of that "religion of humanity" which continued to inspire the intelligentsia throughout the nineteenth century and by which Dostoyevsky himself was inspired in his youth, when . . . he took for his guides and mentors such heretical lovers of mankind as Rousseau, Fourier, Saint-Simon and Georges Sand.

IV

Much of the material in *The Diary of a Writer* — Dostoyevsky's sickly sneering at liberalism, his haughty disdain of and yet intimate sympathy for the intellectuals, and his occasional posing as the crotchety old-timer who peers down his nose at new-fangled ideas — can be placed easily enough within the frame of the foregoing analysis. But there is one aspect of *The Diary* that requires special discussion, if only because most of the reviewers have kept so oddly quiet about it. I refer to Dostoyevsky's anti-Semitism.

In many of these articles there are anti-Semitic remarks, usually of the sort that identify "the Jew" with the shrewd grasping merchant or the brilliant restless intellectual. Dostoyevsky raises the spectre of the Jews "reigning everywhere over stock-exchanges; it is not for nothing that they control capital, that they are the masters of credit, and it is not for nothing — I repeat — that they are also the masters of international politics, and what is going to happen is known to the Jews themselves: their reign, their complete reign is approaching."

To the modern reader, this sort of ranting is familiar enough. But what is strange is that such passages occur in an article in which Dostoyevsky

defends himself, in all sincerity, against charges of anti-Semitism, and ends by proposing full legal equality for Russia's Jews! Again the Dostoyevskian paradox: the man who can repeat the vilest filth about the Jews accepts the most radical proposal of his time with regard to their status.

Dostoyevsky's anti-Semitism is of a kind rather special to the European intellectual. It is not the brute folk hatred, the crude identification of a people with "the Judas who betrayed our Lord"; it is rather an animus far more subtle in intellectual motivation and clothed in the most "modern" anti-capitalist terminology. In recent years, it has flourished as the property of the more "radical" wing of Nazism, which cannot be quite identified with either the coarse superstition of the East European peasant or the refined prejudice of the Connecticut suburbanite. The anti-Semitism of the displaced European intellectual is an act of spiteful revenge by one who feels himself *left out* against the mythical Jew who "controls things"; it is the ferocious upheaval of the intellectual *manqué* rejecting his inferiority toward the successful intellectuals identified, of course, with "the Jews"; it is the consequence of the most aggravated dissatisfaction with society and of an unwillingness or inability to formulate that dissatisfaction in rational terms;

and it is a projection onto the Jew of precisely those qualities the intellectual finds distasteful in the bourgeois (the Jew, says Dostoyevsky, "loves to trade in somebody else's labor") and in *the intellectual himself* ("self-conceit and haughtiness are qualities of the Jewish character"). Dostoyevsky is not disturbed, as an American suburbanite might be, by Jewish idiosyncrasies or "differences"; he can remember without distaste how Jews "screamed" their prayers in Siberia. For him the Jew is rather the money-changer who must again be driven from the temple and the tempter who seduced mankind into biting the forbidden apple of knowledge.

Of course, this stereotype of the Jew is not unique to European intellectuals; a less formed and articulated version can be found among American workers and middle-class people. But in its most abstract and "respectable" form it is the work of those nineteenth-century intellectuals who rebelled against the Enlightenment, the bourgeoisie, science and liberalism—and knew not what further to make of their rebellion.

v

Journalism is essentially a craft of self-containment; the properly functioning journalist keeps his discussion on a certain generalized level and even when writing a gossipy feuilleton he

assumes, at most, a playfully personal tone that does not seriously involve his private being. But who could expect this of Dostoyevsky? Who could expect it of any man bearing within himself both an apocalyptic vision and its subversive negation?

That is why the *Diary* is so essentially chaotic and formless a collection. Dostoyevsky was unable to concentrate on one subject at a time and unable to maintain anything resembling an objective tone of discussion. His personality gets in the way of his writing, sometimes as a whine about his personal condition, sometimes as a spiteful remark about his contemporaries; throughout, one never is allowed to forget his sadism or sense of humiliation. In his recently republished *Dostoyevsky* [\$2.50, New Directions], André Gide remarks that "there is not . . . one single deformation or deviation of character — these kinks that make so many of Dostoyevsky's characters so strangely morbid and disturbing — but which has its beginning in some humiliation." Much the same can be said of the Dostoyevsky revealed in the *Diary*, a man who rises to stiff spasms of self-pride and sinks to grovelings of dubious humility. In the title phrase of his first novel, he is truly one of the insulted and injured.

Yet the disorders of this neurotic personality (extreme paranoia, ele-

phantine sadism, incredibly sentimental and compulsive absorption in mother-figures) which ruin the *Diary* as a body of journalism, also lend it significance as a literary document. The articles in the *Diary* testify to the intimate relation between Dostoyevsky's illness and his art, to the way in which both block his efforts at objective journalism, and to the ruthlessness with which the "underground man" in Dostoyevsky, at once pathological and genius, absorbs his public personality. For that was the one thing Dostoyevsky could not do: *he could not maintain a public personality.*

Dostoyevsky the prophet and Dostoyevsky the novelist break through again and again; his mind, unattuned to abstraction, shifts to the drawing of pictures and the telling of incidents. Then his neurosis gains some relief and his art some sustenance. With a frightful zest he describes how Turkish soldiers strip a father's skin off his back in the presence of his child; how a father flogs his seven year old girl until he almost faints from excitement; how a woman throws a little girl out of the window in a moment of pique. (In inverted form the parricide theme recurs constantly: Dostoyevsky, burdened by memories of his murdered father, is repeatedly attracted to reports of parents who are cruel to their children.) Together

with the sadistic Dostoyevsky, there is a sentimental one: "Have you ever seen a child hiding in a corner, so that he may not be seen, and weeping there, twisting his little hands (yes, twisting the hands — I have seen it myself) and *striking his chest with his tiny fist*, not comprehending what he was doing, not fully grasping his guilt and the reason why he was being tortured, but realizing only too clearly that he was not loved?"

It is when Dostoyevsky the narrator breaks through that the *Diary* reaches greatness. Take this description of how a Russian peasant beats his wife:

Did you ever see how a peasant whips his wife? — I did. He begins with a rope or a strap. Peasant life is devoid of æsthetic delights — music, theatre, magazines; naturally it has to be enlarged somehow. Tying up his wife, or

thrusting her legs into the opening of a floor board, our good little peasant would probably begin — methodically, phlegmatically, even sleepily — with measured blows, not listening to the screams and entreaties — to be more correct — precisely listening to them, listening with delight, for otherwise what pleasure would he be deriving from the whipping? . . . Suddenly he throws away the strap; like a madman, he seizes a stick, a bough, anything, and breaks it over her back with three last, terrific blows. — No more! He quits, plants himself by the table, sighs, and sets himself to his kvass.

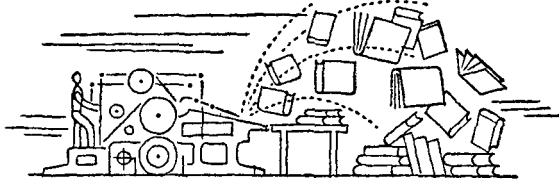
The politics, the chauvinism, the anti-Semitism, the hysteria, of the *Diary* one may wish to forget; but who can forget the picture of that peasant woman with her feet thrust into the opening of a floor board while her husband beats her?

PHRASE ORIGINS—54

PRÆTORIAN GUARD: *The Alsop brothers, writing in the New York Herald Tribune, called the CIO leaders "the very labor leaders who were Franklin Roosevelt's prætorian guard." This is a rather free use of the phrase. The original Prætorian Guard was a body of troops accompanying an ancient Roman judicial and military official known as a "prætor." Augustus, the first Roman emperor, established a personal bodyguard to which he gave the name Prætorian Guard. In the later days of the Roman Empire, the Guard became so powerful that it could make and unmake emperors; at one time, a prætorian assassinated an emperor and the Guard offered the empire for sale to the highest bidder. In modern usage, the term "prætorian" is applied to the defenders of an established order, or to venal and corrupt palace guards about the person of a ruler.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE CHECK LIST



PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE MATURE MIND, by H. A. Overstreet. \$2.95. *Norton*. Professor Overstreet makes a basic distinction between adulthood and maturity, and argues that very many adult people are not mature. "The most dangerous members of our society are those grown-ups whose powers of influence are adult but whose motives and responses are infantile." He applies his basic concept to the realms of politics, economics, religion, international affairs, and family life, and in each case he has many sensible and occasionally profound things to say.

UNION GUY, by Clayton W. Fountain. \$2.75. *Viking*. **THE UAW AND WALTER REUTHER**, by Irving Howe & B. J. Widick. \$3.00. *Random House*. Mr. Fountain is a young official of the United Automobile Workers who grew up during the threadbare thirties, worked at several auto plants in Detroit, got himself blacklisted for union activities, joined and quit the Communist Party, and finally emerged as a minor leader of the Reuther faction in the UAW. His bitter account of the open-shop days during the depression does a lot to explain

the intense loyalty to unionism in general, and the UAW in particular, of a lot of other rank-and-file "union guys"; and despite the lack of objectivity implied in his background and present position, his autobiography makes fascinating reading. Messrs. Howe and Widick write about the UAW with more scholarship and detachment, but their history of the union turns out to be an exciting story. They believe that the automobile workers were primarily responsible for the success of industrial unionism in America, and that, if they do not succumb to their growing union bureaucracy, they may actually be what Reuther, in a moment of enthusiasm once called them — "the architects of the future."

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER, by Paul Blanshard. \$3.50. *Beacon*. The substance of this book first appeared in the *Nation* in the form of a series of articles. Here those articles are greatly revised and expanded so that Mr. Blanshard offers an extended and heavily documented analysis of the operations of the Catholic Church in foreign affairs, social hygiene, public education, and science. Mr. Blanshard's

general thesis is that the Church "is becoming more and more aggressive in extending the frontiers of Catholic authority" into the aforementioned fields. He insists, and the text bears him out, that he is not critical of the Catholic religion as a religion, but only as a power in non-religious realms. The book is obviously written with great care and tremendous scholarship, and it should interest intelligent Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Mr. Blanshard was the head of New York City's Department of Investigation and Accounts under the late Mayor LaGuardia, and he was also a State Department official in Washington and the Caribbean during World War II.

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE, by Felix Morley. \$3.50. *Van Nostrand*. A steadily interesting and occasionally absorbing argument for the limited State as against the Total State, for a reversal of the New Deal trends, and for a pluralistic society. One might wish that Mr. Morley were less rigid about equating political freedom with Protestant American republicanism, but despite this weakness, his book can be taken as a superb first introduction to the great debate of our day.

THE NEGRO HANDBOOK, 1949, edited by Florence Murray. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. An encyclopedic assortment of raw facts and figures about Negroes in the United States which should prove indispensable to editors and educators. Macmillan plans to bring out revised editions every two years.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE HIGH COST OF VENGEANCE, by Freda Utley. \$3.50. *Henry Regnery*. An acidulous review of American policy in Germany since V-E Day, with our denazification policies and our program for dismantling German industry coming in for special censure. Miss Utley is always a lively and informed writer, and there is very little left of AMG by the time she gets through taking it apart.

FERMENT IN THE FAR EAST, by Mary A. Nourse. \$3.75. *Bobbs-Merrill*. To provide a conspectus of the Far Eastern peoples—their histories, religions, arts, philosophies—in a mere 320 pages is a task that might cause the stoutest heart to quail, and Miss Nourse's once-over-lightly is obviously no source-book for the serious student. The author observes that the Far East has already resisted the Chinese One World of thought and the Japanese One World of aggression. What now? The Soviet One World of Communism? Beyond a half-hearted genuflection to the United Nations, Miss Nourse offers no solution.

HISTORY

THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS, by Marion L. Starkey. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Many think that thousands of innocent men and women were executed in the Salem witchcraft craze in 1692. Actually, only twenty witches were executed, a microscopic number, as Miss Starkey says, "compared to the tens of thousands who had been put to death in Europe and England in the course of similar out-

breaks in the late Middle Ages." But the craze has fascinated historians and psychologists for more than three hundred years. Miss Starkey has examined mountains of evidence, some of it fresh, and has produced a fascinating, judicious, and valuable study. There are many notes, a selected bibliography, and a good index.

WEALTH OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by James A. Barnes. \$5.75. *Prentice-Hall*. To Professor Barnes (of Temple University), the wealth of the American people lies not only in their fabulous productivity, but also in their privileges, their leisure, their educational and cultural opportunities. His massive, fact-crammed volume displays not only our mouth-watering abundance, but shows too how our wealth has forced us, step by step, to assume the economic, political and military leadership of the free world. He readily concedes that in the field of moral leadership we move with lagging, reluctant tread, but so far the general direction has always been forward. Lucid, temperate in tone, and helpfully illustrated.

BIOGRAPHY

SHAKESPEARE, A Biography and An Interpretation, by Ivor Brown. \$4.00. *Doubleday*. Mr. Brown, an eminent English author and drama critic, has here distilled the best scholarship regarding the miraculous man of Stratford and written what is probably the best all-around book on him. He calls it "a lover's book," and that is precisely what it is. It is remarkably well written, and

its point of view is that of a highly intelligent man who knows his way around the mysteries surrounding the life and works of the greatest master of the English language of all time. Particularly to be commended are Mr. Brown's sections on the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and also worthy of note is the way he disposes of those credulous people who still think that Shakespeare wasn't Shakespeare.

THE STRANGE LIFE OF AUGUST STRINDBERG, by Elizabeth Sprigge. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. This is probably the best biography of the great dramatist in the English language. It is built upon a tremendous amount of solid research, and is guided by an acute critical sense. Miss Sprigge has many profound things to say about the amazing plays of the great Swedish dramatist, and she also is very happy in her sections dealing with the influence he has exerted on other dramatists, including our own Eugene O'Neill. She attempts a psychoanalytical interpretation of Strindberg, and says that he was probably a schizophrenic and very likely the victim of an Oedipus complex. Some interesting photographs, two valuable appendices, and a very good index round out a first-rate book.

THE WORLD OF EMMA LAZARUS, by H. E. Jacob. \$3.00. *Schocken*. The woman whose stirring poem is inscribed at the base of the Statue of Liberty was an American Jew who lived in the years 1849-1887. In her brief and illness-ridden life she had written many poems which had won the admiration of such men as Emerson and Robert Brown-

ing. This is, strangely enough, the first full-length biography of her, and it is a very able job. There are many quotations from Miss Lazarus' poems.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE WISDOM OF CATHOLICISM, edited by Anton C. Pegis. \$6.00. *Random House*. A huge anthology of Catholic religion and philosophy, which succeeds in presenting to the reader "the enduring themes, the constant centers of interest, the great teachings and ideals, the heroic lives and eminent writings of the outstanding Catholic men and women who are the landmarks of Catholicism in history." The editor is president of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Canada, and his book has the *imprimatur* of Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto.

WRITING FOR LOVE OR MONEY, edited by Norman Cousins. \$3.50. *Longmans*. This agreeable little volume, a collection of articles that originally appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, is not a "how-to" book. It will not teach neophytes how to crash the slicks in ten expensive lessons. But it will tell them, often authoritatively, of the pangs of creation, the toils of editing, and the science of manuscript-marketing. The contributors range from Stephen Leacock (on making an index) to Thomas Wolfe (on producing literature). The aspiring writer will read it with profit and humility.

FICTION

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR, by George Orwell. \$3.00. *Harcourt Brace*.

Mr. Orwell's grim look into the future finds the world divided into three totalitarian states, all of which are perpetually at war, and none of which would seem much worth living in to anyone not a fascist or Communist. Life in Airstrip One, as London is called in 1984, features an abysmally low standard of living, a strict prohibition against sex, and a bastard English known as Newspeak, which in its final perfected form will make heretical thinking impossible. The hero of the story is a Winston Smith, who works in the Records Department of the Ministry of Truth, revising old newspapers and magazines to make them conform to the present party line. Mr. Smith not only has retrograde ideas, but, with the eager cooperation of a pretty young fellow-traitor named Julia, he puts them into practice. Their punishment is swift and awful. Superb satire, which is always convincing and is deeply moving in spots.

THE OASIS, by Mary McCarthy. \$2.00. *Random House*. The action of this so-called novel takes place in an abandoned spot in New England where a group of liberals, radicals, and nondescript advanced thinkers gather in search of the truly happy life. Nothing actually takes place except that, despite their civilized pretenses, they fight among themselves, snitch on one another, and in general behave like spoiled brats. The characters seem to resemble the editors of, and contributors to, a certain intellectual periodical that prides itself on its profundity, most of it bogus. Not one of the men or women really comes to life, but

it must be admitted that Miss McCarthy writes brilliantly and occasionally throws off a malicious remark that bears at least one re-reading. She is, in some ways, a left Clare Booth Luce — sparkling, very gifted in certain respects, but deficient in most of the qualities that go to make a real fiction writer.

THE RIVER LINE, by Charles Morgan. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. The convolutions of the human mind continue to fascinate the fastidious Mr. Morgan. Here, in a story that is physically static, he engages in his favorite pastime of probing the mental relationships of a small group of characters, participants in a wartime underground exploit. It is difficult not to admire Mr. Morgan's lapidary prose or the palestric brilliance of his thinking, but the end result is less a novel than an exercise in mental gymnastics.

RUNYON FIRST AND LAST, by Damon Runyon, with a foreword by Clark Kinnaird. \$2.75. *Lippincott*. A good collection of early and late Runyon. Some of the stories are little gems — in particular, "Blonde Mink," "The Informal Execution of Soupbone Pew," "My Father," "A Very Married Man," "A Very Touching Story to Some," and "Nellie Morgan." It becomes clearer with the passing of time that Mr. Runyon was not a mere tabloid columnist, but a genuine artist with a keen eye for the humor, cussedness, and stark tragedy, not only of Broadway, but of the so-called hinterland of America. Mr. Kinnaird contributes a first-rate introduction.

POETRY

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NEMO, *A Narrative Poem*, by Robert Hillyer. \$2.75. *Knopf*. This book comes as a great relief from the many cheap and meretricious volumes of verse that have been published lately. Mr. Hillyer is a master of his craft. He is a man of great lyrical capacity, and he also has a respect for the mature reader. The story has to do with two American sailors who come upon a volcanic island, where they find the journal of Captain Nemo and his submarine yacht, on which his body is laid out. There are long stretches from the journal, and also considerable commentary upon contemporary life. The whole makes exciting reading.

TERROR AND DECORUM, *Poems 1940-1948*, by Peter Viereck. \$3.00. *Scribner's*. This book won the 1949 Pulitzer Poetry Award for Mr. Viereck. Unfortunately, it sheds little glory on the Pulitzer Prize Committee, for all it reveals is an occasional genuine poetical thought and a preponderance of tortured cleverness, ragged unintelligibilities, and sheer pointlessness. "Hard Times Redeemed by Soft Discarded Values" and "The Day's No Rounder than Its Angles Are" have some lines that bear rereading. But not one of the other poems is really finished or worth very much. Some, indeed, reach record lows of banality. For example: "O vast earth-apple, waiting to be fried,/Of all life's stars the most many-eyed,/What furtive purpose hatched you long ago/In Indiana or in Idaho?"

THE OPEN FORUM



MATHEMATICS AND UPLIFT

SIR: I purchased a copy of your magazine for the first time in order to read the article entitled "The Anti-Vivisection Nonsense" [by Louise Cross, in the August MERCURY]. May I point out that, although vivisection is approximately 2300 years old, man's love for the dog is 15,000 years old — and we can't top that!

ANIMAL LOVER

Pierre, S. D.

SIR: Your article about vivisection really cheapens your magazine, and if you continue to print such inhumane ideas and sanction them, I feel that my friends and myself will be forced to discontinue buying your magazine. Perhaps you may think, well, what about it?, but in time you will begin to wonder just what happened to the sale of the magazine whose editor is inhuman in his ideas.

Let's hope we will be able to enjoy real, good clean articles which are uplifting as well as enlightening.

MRS. K.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARELESS HANDS

SIR: In debunking the notion "that men formerly did as they pleased with their own," in the August "Skeptics' Corner," Dr. Bergen Evans radiates confidence that all is well with American freedom — that it has nothing to worry about, for it contrasts favorably with that of Ancient Rome, the Middle Ages, or even three centuries ago. Strange yardsticks with which to gauge the state of liberty in the "land of the free" founded by our ancestors when they fled such Old World tyranny!

Many of us are seriously alarmed, for, in "careless hands," a reversed trend is rapidly gaining momentum. Like horses rescued from a burning stable, all too many of our fellow-countrymen seem bent on blindly dashing back into conditions from which they have been saved.

To deny that a high degree of individual freedom was achieved and enjoyed throughout most of the nineteenth century is sheer nonsense. Did Dr. Evans never hear of the awful (?) *laissez-faire* period? So long as there are many who remember (not "imagine") a time when all were free to hire, fire, build, fish, etc.,

at will; to go into business by simply hanging out a shingle, paying only poll and a small realty tax — so long oldsters will be heard saying, fervently, “Thank God I lived much of my life before rules and regulations took away our freedom!”

BERTHA C. HOLLAND

Springfield, Mass.

SIR: To look back — as Mrs. Holland does — to the era that introduced or developed conscript armies, colonial empires, the factory system, labor unions, the trusts, protective tariffs, restrictive covenants, zoning laws, compulsory education, and the licensing of physicians, engineers and maritime officers — to look back to that era as the lost age of liberty is to demonstrate my contention with a generous disregard of her own position. I suppose it all depends on what is meant by freedom, and, even more, whose freedom.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.

WHO SAID THAT?

SIR: The article in your August issue by Joseph Fulling Fishman, “Our Comic-Opera Hoosegows,” devotes the first half-page to a sorry misrendering of Southern American dialect; but, worse than that, it contains four misuses of the Southern expression, “you-all,” which has a precise, well understood, plural meaning.

Being a transplanted Northerner myself, I am not being chauvinistic in objecting . . . to the singular use of “you-all” as a Southernism. But in the interest

of accuracy, I am compelled to say that countless other defenders of Southern speech have been saying for years, without much effect on Yankee writers, I fear: that “you-all” is never used by a native Southerner in the singular.

The pronoun “you” in English and Northern American is both singular and plural. The Southerner says “you” for the singular, but, to avoid confusion, says “you-all” for the plural. I have never heard, nor have I ever heard tell of, a Southerner who used “you-all” except in the plural. A Northerner might judge otherwise, should he hear a Southerner say to one person: “How are you-all getting along?” But in such cases, another or several other persons are implied, and the Southerner to whom such a question is addressed immediately infers the inclusion of another or several persons. . . . This distinction is carefully covered in *The American Language*, pp. 449-450 (fourth edition), by H. L. Mencken. . . .

GLEESON MURPHY, JR.

Owensboro, Ky.

SIR: I have carefully read Mr. Murphy’s letter. He is right in only one particular. That is his statement that “countless other defenders of Southern speech have been saying for years, without much effect on Yankee writers . . . that ‘you-all’ is never used by a native Southerner in the singular.”

The reason they haven’t succeeded is that they’re wrong, despite Mr. Mencken, Mr. Murphy, and all the other experts in speech. It may not be said by

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literate Southerners, but it is said countless thousands of times by the *illiterate* ones, who were the ones I mentioned in my article. . . . When I was Inspector of Prisons for the government, I spent two or three months each year for a period of ten or twelve years in the Southern states — all of them — so I am not entirely a stranger to that section.

As an illustration, I was once a witness in a case of alleged bribery of prison officers at the Atlanta Penitentiary. The case received much publicity. A chambermaid at the Winecoff Hotel repeatedly said to me, "Yo-all goin' to co't this mawnin', Mr. Fishman?" The reason this particular illustration (there were many others) sticks in my mind is that two or three others who were there as witnesses — all Northerners — used to laugh over it, and one of them suggested that, the next time she asked this question, I should reply, "Yes, I-all am goin' to the co't house to get my coat."

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

New York City

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS

SIR: Neal Stanford's article in the March *MERCURY*, "The State Department's Report on Russia in the United Nations," merits attention. Why not accord some Russian, or the Soviet Embassy, the privilege of answering it? Fair play demands that this be done.

Was it not the United States of America which insisted that the veto power be a part of the Charter?

Was it not the USA which first de-toured the UN and set up the Marshall Plan, whatever that may mean?

Did the U. S. attempt to conduct a fair election in Italy (50 tons of cigarettes by airplane the week before election)?

Would not a vote to admit Eire, Portugal, Italy and Austria be only another method of giving the Vatican four more votes in the United Nations? . . .

How can we accuse Russia of war-mongering when we are asking Congress for billions for the Army and Navy?

I perhaps should add that I am not a Communist.

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

MRS. ROOSEVELT

SIR: The balderdash of George Templeton in the August "Open Forum" indicates that he is afflicted with the Roosevelt Royalty Complex, or that he is just a plain idolater of those things with a Rooseveltian nomenclature. Mrs. Roosevelt can avoid public criticism of her acts any time that she stops trying to pauperize the American character by preaching untenable theories not acceptable to that progress known as the American way of life. . . .

L. MCK. HARMON

Coronado, Calif.

SIR: The MERCURY article describing the activities of Eleanor Roosevelt most certainly seems to reveal her as just another jabbering woman with average intelligence and no more. Mr. Reddy appears to have been unable to bring forth any wise things the subject of his profile ever uttered.

JEROME McLEAN

Cleveland, O.

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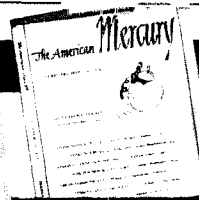


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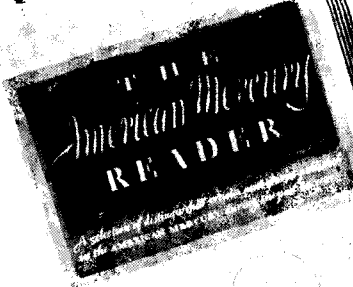
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